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ἀληθεύων ἐν ἀγάπῃ.—Speaking the truth in love.

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## Musical Life in London.

**M**ADAME SOPHIE MENTER was the pianist at the fourth Philharmonic Concert on April 27, and her vigorous reading of Beethoven's great Concerto in E flat provoked a perfect storm of applause; Liszt's transcription of Schubert's "Erl King" was the encore, and this was indeed a wonderful technical display. Raff's picturesque "Lenore" Symphony was given under the careful direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Mr. Plunket Greene was the vocalist.

At the fifth concert, on May 11, Fräulein Wietrowetz, a pupil of Dr. Joachim, gave a performance of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, displaying such fine tone and technique, and such thorough grasp of the music, that with health and strength it is safe to prophecy that she will soon take a very high rank among violinists. Her playing very naturally recalls that of Dr. Joachim, but there is plenty of time for her to develop her own individuality. Miss Dora Bright played a bright, clever little fantasia (pianoforte and orchestra) of her own composition, and was well received. But in addition to the two ladies named there were the sisters Ravogli, and Signorina Giulia sang an aria from Mozart's "Clemenza di Tito" with dramatic verve, while "Che farò" served to pacify the enthusiasm of the audience. Signorina Sofia sang with taste "Selva opaca" of Rossini, and took part with her sister in the same composer's "Quis est homo." The programme opened with Brahms' Symphony in F.

Sir Charles Hallé commenced a series of six "Schubert" Recitals at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 6. For many years his "Beethoven" Recitals formed a special feature of the London musical season, and were of immense effect in disseminating a knowledge of the master's pianoforte works. His enterprise now, in trying to draw attention to the pianoforte sonatas and other pieces of Schubert, deserves special mention, and it is to be hoped that his efforts in so good a cause will meet with proper recognition. Sir Charles commenced on May 6 with the early sonatas, for the works—so far as can be ascertained—are to be given in chronological order. At the second recital, on May 13, the programme included the 3rd and 4th sonatas, and the four impromptus (Op. 90). The pianist on both occasions played with his accustomed skill and refinement. An attractive feature of these concerts is the excellent singing of Schubert Lieder by Fräulein Fillunger, with Sir Charles himself as accompanist.

Miss Fanny Davies, our talented English pianist, held a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on the afternoon of May 4. Her programme included a Bach fugue (a transcription of an organ one, though not announced as such),

Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), Schumann's "Papillons," and many short pieces by modern composers, including some graceful "Valse de Sentiment" by Mdlle. Liza Lehmann. Miss Davies played with her usual skill and intelligence; she pleased us most, however, in the "Papillons," and in the lighter pieces at the close. The performance, too, of Brahms' Sonata in G (Op. 78) for pianoforte and violin, by Fräulein Wietrowetz and the concert-giver, was one of great earnestness. The rendering of Spohr's "Dramatic Concerto" by the new violinist won for her a most brilliant and well-deserved reception.

Herr Heinrich Lutter, a pianist from Hanover, gave two recitals at St. James's Hall on April 26 and May 10 respectively, and his careful and artistic rendering of classical and modern works was duly appreciated. Herr Lutter is a quiet and intelligent interpreter, but does not rouse his audience to enthusiasm. In these days of storm and stress one perhaps does not render full justice to such a performer, and we cannot help feeling that he would be heard to greater advantage in a smaller *locale*. The programme of the second concert included concerted music, with M. E. Sauret as leader.

Master Otto Hegner, having continued his studies under Herr Huber of Basle, has paid us a second visit, and on May 9 gave the first of three pianoforte recitals. He has made considerable progress: his tone is richer, and his technique more developed. Of the latter he gave full proof by playing with wonderful skill a Bach-Liszt prelude and fugue, Beethoven's "Appassionata" Sonata, and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses," to say nothing of a Liszt Polonaise and a Strauss-Tausig "Valse Caprice." The reading of the "Appassionata" was interesting, and full of good feeling, but it would have been better not to give him a work which has taxed the strength, both physical and mental, of some of the most eminent pianists.

Mr. and Mrs. Oudin commenced a series of three vocal recitals at Princes' Hall on Tuesday, May 10. The programme consisted principally of French music, and among the names of modern composers were to be found those of Massenet, Saint-Saëns, and Mdlle. Chaminade. Mrs. Oudin has a voice of considerable volume, and she is intelligent, but there were shortcomings, possibly, on this first occasion, the result of nervousness. Mr. Oudin, as every one knows, is an accomplished artist; his rendering of Grieg's "Ein Schwan" deserves special mention.

Mr. Frederic Griffiths' flute recital at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, May 10, deserves notice, and a longer one, indeed, than space will allow of. He is an earnest and conscientious artist. The programme opened with J. S. Bach's attractive sonata for flute and pianoforte, to which justice was rendered by the concert-giver and Mr. Septimus Webbe. The former also played a lively suite by Mr. E. German, with the composer at the pianoforte, and one by M. B. Godard. Miss Hannah Jones and Mr. A. L. Oswald were successful vocalists. Miss Evangeline Florence and Miss Mar-

guerite Hall gave an attractive vocal recital at St. James's Hall on May 11. The former has a pleasing voice, and can sing some exceptionally high notes. Miss Hall achieved a well-deserved success. Mr. Gerardy played some cello solos, and was enthusiastically applauded.

Master Otto Hegner gave a really remarkable reading of Weber's romantic and difficult Sonata in A flat at his second recital at St. James's Hall on May 18. It was quite possible to see that the youthful pianist found the task no easy one, but he applied himself to it with great earnestness, and threw into the music the feeling of one of ripe years. His performance of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor was crisp and energetic. He played some Schumann pieces with good taste and expression; only in some the time might have been a shade faster.

M. Joseph Shvinski gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, May 17. He is a pianist of considerable individuality and of good technique. His reading of Beethoven's Sonata in D (Op. 28) was interesting, but the two middle movements were by far the most satisfactory. His rendering of some Chopin pieces was on the whole disappointing, but afterwards, in pieces of the modern school, including Liszt, of whom M. Shvinski was a pupil, he appeared to considerable advantage.

## Sunset Thoughts.

(FOR MUSICAL SETTING.)

The sunset tints with beauty  
The woods we used to know,  
Sweet thoughts are o'er me stealing  
As soft winds whisper low.  
I dream of true eyes, tender,  
Tender for me alone,  
Of love-light in them shining,  
The love, all, all my own.

O winds breathing low  
The love of long ago,  
Sweet tender music  
O'er the woodlands sigh,  
Bring back to me  
The days that used to be,  
Ah! let me dream  
A dream of love gone by.

Darkly creep the shadows  
O'er the dale and hill,  
But I hear the night-winds whisper,  
"You love me, love me still;  
Tho' years, long years may part us,  
Tho' tears for us may be,  
Bright will shine love's dawning  
Some day, for you and me."

O winds breathing low  
The love of long ago,  
The love never fading  
That lives through years of pain,  
Whisper to me,  
Of days yet to be,  
When night's tears are over,  
And love shall dawn again.

G. HUBI NEWCOMBE.

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## Brass Bands.

### III. CONTESTS.

**H**E who would "interview" a brass band contest has, in very truth, a multiplicity of choice. Indeed, it is this very fact which makes choice difficult, since nearly every contest has something peculiar to itself, which is not only of interest, but serves as an index of the stage of development which the district has reached in the history of its bands. The would-be "interviewer" must needs hesitate. Shall he go to some spot where a contest is to be held this year for the first time,—the result of some enterprising conductor's or secretary's efforts, or, it may equally well be, the outcome of the steady growth of many bands in the neighbourhood? Or shall he seek out some small and unimportant contest in which only unknown bands compete? As a rule he chooses one of those contests which have acquired, by right of age and the value of the prizes, the honour of being the annual battle of all the "crack" bands. Shall it be the Easter Saturday contest at the old-fashioned village of Standish, the first held under the auspices of Standish St. Wilfrid's Brass Band, or shall one wait for the event of the Brass Band year at Bellevue?

#### THE CONTEST AT KIDSGROVE.

The "interviewer" decided to do neither, but to give an account of the Easter Monday contest at Clough Hall, Kidsgrove, Staffordshire. The "Potteries" have a reputation for ugliness, but this spot has been fitly named "The Paradise of the Potteries." With no little pleasure does one turn aside from the dusty thoroughfares of large cities and the highways of commerce to the beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds at Clough Hall. Last Easter Monday, in spite of the weather being somewhat cold, and notwithstanding the prognostications from the Meteorological Office that snow would fall, some 30,000 people flocked through the gates to witness the most important brass band competition ever held in North Staffordshire. Many came chiefly to see the gardens, but more, we think, to see how the twenty-nine bands which had entered would acquit themselves.

#### THE COMPETITORS.

It was well known that though the famous Black Dike would be absent, Kingston Mills and our old friend Besses-o'-th'-Barn would be there. The railway companies had made special arrangements, and all the chief amateur bands within reasonable distance of Clough Hall put in an appearance, accompanied by the more ardent of their admirers. One after another, twenty-two different uniforms, many of them striking in their smartness and many of wonderful workmanship, lent brightness to the scene. These twenty-two were:—

	CONDUCTOR.
Linthwaite, . . . . .	E. Swift.
Shaw, . . . . .	J. Bailey.
Wyke Temperance, . . . . .	E. Swift.
Stalybridge Borough, . . . . .	A. Owen.
Hanley Town, . . . . .	G. Turner.
Wednesbury Temperance, . . . . .	J. W. Thomas.
Fagley, . . . . .	E. Swift.
Rushden Temperance, . . . . .	G. F. Birkinshaw.
Silverdale Village, . . . . .	J. Lewis.
Leek Temperance, . . . . .	A. Owen.
Rothwell Temperance, . . . . .	G. F. Birkinshaw.
Silkstone Old, . . . . .	C. Stringer.
Dewsbury Old, . . . . .	J. Gladney.
Dentons Old, . . . . .	A. Owen.

	CONDUCTOR.
Tunstall Volunteers, . . . . .	W. Griffiths.
Silverdale Town, . . . . .	G. Turner.
Kingston Mills, . . . . .	J. Gladney.
Besses-o'-th'-Barn, . . . . .	A. Owen.
Oldham Rifles, . . . . .	—
Mow Cop, . . . . .	G. Clarke.
Hanley Excelsior, . . . . .	R. Sourbutts.
Congleton Volunteers, . . . . .	J. Barnett.

A glance at the above list shows that five of the number were temperance brass bands and three semi-military, whilst five were under the same conductor—our old acquaintance Mr. Owen, three under Mr. Swift, and two under each of the well-known conductors, Messrs. Gladney, Turner, and Birkinshaw.

#### THE JUDGE

was Herr Franz Groenings of London, and, as we shall see, the position of a judge or adjudicator, as he is often termed, at such a contest is by no means an easy one. The strain of hearing the same piece played by twenty-two bands in succession, and analysing each performance with reference to a uniform and constant standard, is very great. In addition to this he knows that his remarks upon each band are being eagerly awaited and will be criticised honestly by many competent critics and unsparingly by many ardent partisans. They will further be reported at length in the brass band journals, and will supply a text for a considerable time to the instructors of the bands. They may even be read by the subscribers. At any rate his award will be published far and near. It is quite conceivable that where there is, as must necessarily often be the case, strong local feeling as to the merits of the different bands, and the money value of the prizes is so considerable, as at Clough Hall, the decision of the judge might, under certain circumstances, bring much odium on himself. This possibility is, however, in large measure averted by the

#### CONDITIONS

under which contests usually take place. In some cases, as for example in the recent contest at Neath, there are special Association rules which determine the arrangements. Two preliminaries are generally held indispensable: First, the judge repairs to a tent close to the bandstand from which, whilst he can hear the playing to perfection, it is impossible for him to see the performers. Secondly, the bands draw lots to settle the order of playing.

#### THE PRIZES

at Kidsgrove amounted to no less than £120 in cash:—First prize, £30; Second, £25; Third, £20; Fourth, £15; Fifth, £12; Sixth, £10; Seventh, £8.

#### THE TEST PIECE

was an arrangement by H. Round of selections from Mozart. We give the following analysis of it from Wright & Round's *Brass Band News*:—

"I.—Andante C (crotchet=69)—The first 22 bars from overture to 'Don Juan,' then from A the statue music in the finale of third act in 'Don Juan' (see Boosey's Royal Edition, from the last bar on page 234).

"II.—Moderato C (crotchet=100)—The second duet in the finale of first act in 'Magic Flute,' between Pamina and Papageno: 'Could but each brave-hearted man' (see Boosey's Royal Edition, page 81, from the pause), followed by

"III.—Allegro maestoso (crotchet=116)—Chorus, 'All hail, Sarasto,' interspersed by short phrases for Papageno (euphonium) and Pamina (cornet).

"IV.—Andante sost. 2-4 (quaver=80)—Aria, 'Her peace to cherish' (No. II. i. 'Don Juan') Don Ottavio (euphonium).

"V.—Allegretto 2-4 (crotchet=100)—The last chorus in 'Idomeneo': 'Descend, God of Love.'

"VI.—Allegro vivace 2-4 (crotchet=152)—An interlude to connect with

"VII.—Duet and Quartet 3-4 (crotchet=80)—'Tamino Mine,' in the finale of the second act of 'Magic Flute,' between Pamina and Tamino, and afterwards two armed men.

"VIII.—Allegro vivace C (crotchet=138)—The last number in the first act of 'Figaro': 'Piu Andrai'; with Presto, fragments of the 'Figaro' overture to finish."

Thus everything conspired to rouse the interest of the thirty thousand spectators when the contest, which was held in the large pavilion, began at noon. To follow the playing of the twenty-two bands through the

#### NINE AND A HALF HOURS

which succeeded was beyond the patience of most of those present, nor have we any intention of putting the readers of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC to such an ordeal. The culminating point of interest came when Band No. 17 (Kingston Mill) began to play, and increased until No. 18 (Besses-o'-th'-Barn) had finished. It was nearly half-past nine when the judge announced his

#### AWARD.

Herr Groenings expressed his regret that he could give only seven prizes, in a contest in which so many bands had deserved honours; that many of the performances had been equal to those of the best professional bands. He added that the prizes he had awarded were rather for general excellency than for brilliant rendering of the solo parts; that the cornet player especially should remember that there are twenty-four in a band. To give his remarks upon all the bands would be superfluous here, but it will be instructive to extract his comments upon the playing of the bands which won the first and second prizes respectively, since they show the thoroughness alike of the performances and of the adjudication, the standard attained, and the principles upon which the decision was based, as well as the exact points in which at this particular contest Kingston Mills wrested victory from Besses-o'-th'-Barn.

"No. 17 (Kingston Mills; conductor, J. Gladney).—1st movement—Ff. good, p. progressing well, syncopation quite loud enough, semiquaver even, sf. and p. good, A solo and semiquaver very good, f. beautiful tone, pp. very good, solos stood out, all very good and artistic, p. before B splendid, solo horn good, but still more chance should be given to the euphonium, from the fp. better, all marks well observed. 2nd—Duet clear, but quite plenty of cornet, soprano rather stiff. 3rd—Good and beautiful tone. C very good and artistic, euphonium good, cornet very sympathetic, cres. good, D and cornet might come out more, quasi-recit. cornet good, soprano clear and good. 4th—Euphonium solo with great expression, E cornet and others beautiful, entrances and all nuances in accompaniment beautiful, a slight mishap, else good ensemble, G soprano might enter softer, all clear. 5th—Good and with splendid precision, H light and flowing except perhaps soprano, dolce p. nice, well worked up to alto. vivace. 6th—Good and splendid ensemble throughout. 7th—Cornet very nice, baritone good, pp. trombones clear, soft and good, K accompaniment rather a pecking sound, solo cornet good, soprano good too, and individual expression, L fine, fp. good, M quartet very expressive, but cornet rather too pronounced, N with good taste, good to the end. 8th—Gradations all very good, good contrasts, ensemble very good and fine, presto well worked to the end. General remarks—Beautiful intonation, correct interpretation and an artistic performance all through, ensemble and solos very good with individuality in expression.—First prize.

"No. 18 (Besses-o'-th'-Barn; conductor, A. Owen).—1st movement—Ff. correct, p. semibreves in cornet and soprano a shade too prominent, progressing well, syncopation nice and subdued, semiquavers right, sf. good, but at p. the unison semiquavers might be lighter, A cornets inclined to play the scale downwards, also cres. instead of p., at f. a little overblown, solos stood out well, cres. worked up well and nice, at B balance not like previous band, solo horn fair, at f. good but rather ponderous. 2nd—Should be simpler, duet very fair, but quite enough cornet, soprano good, rit. and



ause good. 3rd—Nice and correct, all marks well observed, cornet good and expressive, a slight discrepancy at ff; D good and well-balanced, f. heavy, but good, quasi-rec. nice, also the soprano. 4th—Euphonium solo very nice, accompts. good, not p. in unison in 3rd bar before E, very nice, basses good, round and rich, all good and rich, F sop. good, very nice accompaniment, very good all through, interpretation and soprano good, euphonium solo clear and beautiful. 5th—Cornets grand, free throughout, H semiquaver runs not quite perfect, I great promptitude, good in the basses, from dolce and p. very nice and good. 6th—The repeated part a shade overblown. 7th—Cornet good, baritone expressive, pp. very good, trombone good, solo good, K all very good, solo very expressive, soprano good, baritone and euphonium nice, cres. tutti very well, pp. in trombone good, all subdued nicely, M quartet very nice, all clear and the balance good, N all marks well observed. 8th—Good, ensemble worked up well, O right, gradations very good all through, presto all good to the end. General remarks—Solos good, nice, and clear, up to D not such a finished performance as previous band, but from D an artistic performance, interpretation and ensemble very good.—Second prize.—From the *Liverpool Brass Band News*.

Kingston Mills,	1st prize.
Besses-o'-th'-Barn, . . . . .	2nd "
Denton Original, . . . . .	3rd "
Dewsbury Old, . . . . .	4th "
Rushden Temperance, . . . . .	5th "
Oldham Rifles, . . . . .	6th "
Wyke Temperance, . . . . .	7th "

Thus it will be seen, by referring to the list of competing bands and their conductors that, whilst bands conducted by Mr. Gladney carried off the first and fourth prizes, the second, third, and sixth were won by bands under the conductorship of Mr. Owen. This is worth mentioning, because the names of Messrs. Gladney, Owen, and Swift are known to bandsmen all the world over.

#### OTHER RECENT CONTESTS.

On the same day Mr. George Hames of Nottingham was adjudicating in South Wales contest at Neath, where the contest was held in the Market Hall, and the little town was labouring under much excitement. Llanelly Town (conductor, Mr. James Samuels) won the first prize of £12. The event took place under the Association rules, and the test piece was H. Round's arrangement of the "Bohemian Girl."

On April 16th, some two thousand spectators witnessed the triumph of the Oldham Rifles Brass Band in the eleventh annual Blackrod contest, whilst in the quickstep competition New Hall Hey Mills gained much glory under the conductorship of the well-known cornettist, Mr. Fred Durham. On the same day the ninth annual brass band and quickstep contest was held at Swan Croft, Colne. The fact worthy of note here is that both contests were confined to bands which had not won a first prize of the value of £15 at any selection contest in 1891.

Now, after all, what is the

#### VALUE OF CONTESTS

to the competing bands, to the general advance of brass band interests and ideals, and to the community at large? The question is a very wide one, which we must reserve, but it is at once clear that they have a very distinct value to the bands as a means of financial support, of heart-searching discipline and improvement, and to the public by at once arousing their interest and affording them a rough and ready means of gauging the comparative merits of those whom they employ as a necessary part of almost every important function.

WITH a view to bringing the biography of the late President of the Royal Academy of Music within the reach of students, Messrs. George Bell & Sons have published a five-shilling popular edition of Professor H. C. Banister's *George Macfarren: his Life, Works, and Influence*. The volume is in the same type as the original edition, and contains the same portrait.

## Nikita.

WHEN Nikita made her first appearance in Berlin in the autumn of 1887, amid the chorus of enthusiasm which her singing excited, one criticism (which we quoted at the time) struck the note of prophecy. The remark was that "Mademoiselle Nikita is born for the stage," and the Berliners have had good reason to know that the critic was a true prophet.

Nikita has now concluded a brilliant visit as "Guest" (to use the German expression) at Kroll's Opera in Berlin. Her debut was in the part of Gilda in "Rigoletto," and among other parts in which she appeared, we may mention Amina in "La Sonnambula," Zerlina in "Don Giovanni."

The verdict of the Berlin press was unanimous; with one accord the critics lavished the highest praise at once on her singing and on her dramatic powers.

The *Berlin Post* remarked that "Fraulein Nikita has with one stride taken her place in the very front rank beside Sembrich and Gerster," that "her victory extended all along the line," and so on; and other critics wrote in the same strain, the *National Zeitung* observing that Nikita had convinced them that "the stage is the proper sphere for the full display of her talent."

We learn that Nikita is re-engaged to return to Berlin in September, and that, prior to the commencement of her fourth great tour in Germany and Austria, she may perhaps revisit England to give a limited number of concerts in October. This were a consummation devoutly to be wished!

## Opera Season at Covent Garden.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS opened his season on Monday, May 15, when every part of the spacious theatre was filled.

The performance commenced with "Philemon et Baucis" by Gounod, the work which, on its production last season, proved such an attraction. The simple story of domestic bliss, and the quaint and refined music sufficiently explain its success. Miss Sigrid Arnoldson sang and looked well in the part of Baucis, while M. Montariol gave satisfaction as Philemon. The orchestra was under the able direction of M. Léon Jehin.

This opera was followed by Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," an opera now famous. In estimating the value of a work of art, public opinion, at first, ought not to count either for or against; in more instances than one the first verdict on operas now popular was unfavourable. There are, however, many reasons for the favour accorded to this work. The composer has chosen a simple story, one that requires no "argument," no explanation, and though the tragedy is only a village one, and though it is only given, as it were, in outline, it makes a powerful appeal to the feelings and to the imagination: love, jealousy, anger rage as fiercely in the bosom of a village maiden as in that of a lady of high degree. The story of Santuzza is a touching one, and with such rare intelligence and emotion was she personified by Madame Calvé, that the hapless girl seemed to be a living reality, and not a stage illusion, Signor de Lucia played the part of the light-

hearted Turiddu, and though the quality of the voice in some of the loud passages was not altogether pleasant, he gave a vivid rendering of the part. Signorina Giulia Ravaglia took the small rôle of Lola. The scene in front of the church, when Lola enters while Turiddu is conversing with Santuzza, is extremely effective, and so is the scene between the heart-broken maiden and Turiddu, before the latter enters the church. Another exciting moment in the opera is when the two men meet in the square, the angry husband and the callous lover, and, according to Sicilian custom, the latter intimates his intention to fight a duel. When the two have departed, followed by a crowd of on-lookers, the moment seems to have come for battle-music, for the dead man to be brought on the stage, for prayer-choruses, and some effective closing tableau on the stage. But Mascagni has nothing of all this: a villager hastens forward with the news that Turiddu is killed, Santuzza falls lifeless to the ground, a few bars from the orchestra, and all is over. It is just in resisting the temptation to dwell on such a moment that Mascagni shows his cleverness and self-restraint; it is far better to give the public too little rather than too much. The opera was exceedingly well put upon the stage, and the orchestral playing, under the able and vigorous direction of Signor Mancinelli, was all that could be desired. The "Intermezzo" was encored, but in the interests of dramatic art, it were well not to accede to the wishes of the public. Mascagni has no reason to complain of the manner in which he is treated, for on Saturday (too late for notice this month) his "L'Amico Fritz" will be produced in England for the first time.

## The G.C.M. as a Musician.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone is pre-eminently a talker in society, yet he does not disdain the other arts by which people who dine out contrive to spend the time. In his younger days he used to be quite noted for singing either solos or part-songs, and even down to the present time the musical bass of his voice is often heard to great advantage in family worship at Hawarden on Sunday nights. Whether he still keeps up the practice of singing in company is doubtful, but there are legends of the wonderful effect with which he was wont to render a favourite Scotch song, and irreverent gossips have even declared that on one occasion Mr. Gladstone brought down the drawing-room by the vivacity and rollicking spirit with which he rendered the well-known "Camptown Races" with its familiar refrain—

"Gwine to ride all night;  
Gwine to ride all day;  
I bet my money on the bob-tailed nag,  
And somebody bet on the bay.  
O doo-dah-dey."

His high spirits break out at every moment, and he used to rejoice to play a comedy part on his own or his son's lawn. It would be incorrect to say that on the occasion of popular celebrations, of local fancy fairs, and cottage gardening shows, Mr. Gladstone plays down to the level of his audience. On the contrary, he exhibits just sufficient sympathy to raise them to enthusiasm and no more.

THE concert at the Highbury New Park School of Music on May 4 was eminently successful. Nearly forty pupils took part in the programme, which was therefore necessarily long. The selections performed were of a very varied character, such as would ensure all classes of hearers being pleased. Mr. Oscar Kronke may be congratulated on his institution.



# The Future of the Drama and the Drama of the Future.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

## PART IV.

SO far as we have traced it, the tide of humanity has swept on in one undivided stream. One section of mankind may have been distinguished by a love of life and art, another by a hatred of both, and so on. But these divisions have been marked off in time only, not in space. Hitherto there have not existed side by side, mixing in the everyday affairs of life, two races of men, one intellectual and the other emotional. Disregarding small exceptions that prove the rule, the early Greeks were intellectual and emotional, that is, the intellectual and emotional were blended in the same individuals; and we may say that the Greek music-drama belonged to the whole Greek people, and was a perfect expression of their nature. Similarly, the early Christians were unemotional and unintellectual: dreary intellectual and theological treatises were fitting manifestations of the dull existence of the time. The first Renaissance men were chiefly intellectual, and appropriately expressed themselves in the literary drama.

But about the time of Shakespeare the hitherto single stream splits into two. The Renaissance, a revolt against the fettering of intellect, was, naturally, an intellectual movement. Now a reaction began against the exclusively intellectual life: a revolt took place against the revolt. But the new movement within movement was not in a backward direction. The desire for emotional life gathered strength. The progress towards intellectual conviction that the (at any rate partly) artistic and emotional life was the true one, which I have described as beginning in the time of Aristotle, went on with vigour. More and more the truth of this conviction was felt, more and more the conviction was acted upon. But the intellectual movement was too vast, the forces that impelled it too powerful, to be checked by a mere tendency to sway in another direction. Men had cast away swathes from their eyes and beheld the inexhaustible wonders of the world. Is it strange that they should be eager in their search for positive knowledge, that they should consider of small account the faculties which did not aid them in that? All the work of science was to be accomplished that men might walk their days in the world free from error and false lights. Nevertheless, those who had felt the beauty and sweetness and full satisfaction of the passionate artistic life longed to live that life. The result of the operation of these two forces, the desire for emotion and the desire for knowledge, or, as they may be contrasted, the desire for feeling and the desire for seeing, was this splitting of the human stream. We may compare the intellectual and the emotional lives to two roads. Along the first march the men of science and reasoners, most of the dramatists and novelists—all, in short, who tell us of relations between things and things. On the other we see the musicians and poets—all who convey intuitive truths, who tell of the relation of things to our own souls. Many men have taken first one, then the other road; on the common ground between, the everyday affairs of life, all mingle. The mass of the human race never get away from this common ground, but march near the intellectual men and (for the last three hundred years) have been dominated by them. Yet a survey will show us that the

two roads are likely to meet. To use a former simile, the two branches into which the main stream split flow in the same direction and seem destined to join in one mighty flood. Let us trace their courses very briefly.

With so strong a mutual antipathy between the artistic and the intellectual men, with the latter in a majority and dominating the lives of most around them, it is not surprising that the artists should at once have gone to extremes and lived the exclusively emotional life; it is not surprising that they used music, the voice of pure emotion, to express themselves. They were the very embodiment of the reaction against the purely intellectual life and interests of the leading Renaissance spirits. They were checked at the outset by the want of an adequate form of expression. Music was as yet in the crudest state. Rhythm, harmony, and structure were unknown. For some time it proceeded no further than the expression of dreamy, blissful contemplation which we find in Palestrina. Emotion is indeed life, but, unguided by intellect, it is life without form, function without fit organ for performance. What these early men could not do was accomplished for them by a band of pedantic *literati* of Florence about 1580. These honest gentlemen cannot be regarded as leaders of the new movement. They had not the remotest idea of the importance of their whim of reviving the old Greek music-drama. But the opera, the first-fruit of their efforts, was the germ from which all modern music has grown. The music of Palestrina may be called static music; the necessity of appropriately accompanying dramatic action taught composers to endow it with movement and continuous development. Out of accompanied declamation and crude *ensemble* passages grew recitative, aria, chorus, and all concerted forms. The dramatic method of working towards climax, of piling climax on climax until the highest point is reached, applied to the old dance forms, resulted in the symphony, overture, and all modern orchestral forms. Music steadily progressed in the direction of "absolute" music. It became more and more the expression of pure emotion. All foundation of intellectual ideas was gradually eliminated. Thus the first music of any importance was a mere accompaniment to drama. As composers increased their powers it became more independent, until in opera and the first oratorios, although following the basis of intellectual ideas—the "story"—very closely, it yet said something on its own account. With Handel and Bach the literary element is of the very slightest importance, the expression of emotion the supreme purpose. The first speaks in broad melodies, or in enormous masses of sound, handled with consummate mastery. His grandest accomplishments are in vocal music, and he therefore uses "words." But the words are of little account. He seems usually anxious to have as few as possible; the very shortest biblical text serves as a basis for the grandest musical structures. Of Bach's vocal music the same may be said. But in his instrumental compositions we see the germ of all later "absolute" music. There is no literary purpose. He sets out to depict a state of mind, either in an indefinite form, such as the prelude or toccata or (old) sonata, or in some

such fixed form as the minuet or gavotte. In accomplishing his purpose he uses a marvelously intricate web of sound and splendidly expressive recitative passages, harmonies and rhythm such as we find nowhere else save in the music-dramas of Richard Wagner, who perhaps equals, but certainly does not surpass, him. In Mozart and Haydn there is still less of the intellectual basis. They most fully expressed themselves in the abstract music of the symphony. The former, indeed, wrote masses and operas. But he cared little about words: would set any rubbish to music. His music appeals to all hearers whether the words are understood or not. It is to Haydn we owe the development of the symphonic form; to Mozart the invention—for it can be called no less—of instrumental colouring which performs so important a function in modern music. Finally, the tendency towards complete expression of emotion is completely worked out in Beethoven. Emotionally Beethoven is a giant; we might almost say he surpasses Shakespeare. Intellectually he must be placed considerably lower. He speaks slowly and painfully. Nevertheless, his strong will, complete surrender to the artistic life, and the incessant labour of forty years, enabled him to give full utterance to the deepest feelings that animate mankind. The Fifth Symphony is the world's noblest manifestation of pure emotion. Beethoven himself felt he could go no further. He turned his attention to opera. But the intellectual was lacking in him; for expression in an intellectual form he had no facility. Years were spent in altering and improving "Fidelio." Yet, must we not say that Beethoven utters himself more fully in the marvellous overture (called No. III.) than in the whole of the remainder of the opera? Had it been different, had he possessed the intellectual as well as the emotional power of Shakespeare, it is certain that to the German, and not to the English, would have belonged the honour of producing the world's greatest artist.

(To be concluded.)

From Indianapolis:—  
"Who is that long-haired young fellow who seems to have nothing to do?"  
"Oh, that's our composer; the town, you know, pays for his board and clothes."  
"Where are his works published?"  
"They never are published. He has arranged to have them printed after he is dead. That's why we are trying to keep him alive as long as we can."

The forthcoming new ballet at the Alhambra is founded, I understand, upon the familiar story of "Don Juan." With M. G. Jacobi as composer, the music of the Alhambra ballets could not be a secondary feature of the brilliant displays. His workmanship not only bears severe critical examination, but is invariably so happily suited to the situation illustrated as to be understood by all. M. Jacobi has justifiably woven into his score scraps from Mozart's opera on the same subject, so that the accompanying strains will be throughout reminiscent of one of the greatest of art masterpieces. The process may seem at first sight to savour to some extent of sacrilege. M. Jacobi, however, is so conscientious an artist that he may safely be trusted not to treat the immortal strains with irreverence.



## Mascagni.\*

THE first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" in London, at the Shaftesbury Theatre last November, was an event to be remembered. It was preceded by a rather weak specimen of the Italian art of bygone days, "Crispino e la Comare," by Ricci, once a name to be conjured with, but a mere *nomini umbra* in these days of tone-dramas. The audience had got heartily sick of the thin inanities of good Crispino and his fairy and the jejune strumming which accompanied them, and the chief impression produced by the famous buffo trio, "Di Pandolfetti medico," was one of wonder that the Covent Garden audiences of less than a generation ago should have listened to such a composition with delight. At last the orchestra struck up the prelude to "Cavalleria Rusticana." The very first bars transported us into another world. The rich harmonies, the melodic breadth, the intensity of passion—by these the man of genius stood revealed. A new star had arisen in the artistic firmament. Verdi was right. The mantle of Elijah had fallen on Elisha. The veteran composer might die happy in the knowledge that the torch of art he had borne so long had passed into worthy hands.

The phenomenal success of Mascagni tells us unmistakably that the conventional old-fashioned opera has had its death-blow. The "tone-drama" is now the only opera that has any chance of success. It is indeed remarkable that "Cavalleria Rusticana" should have been composed by an Italian at all; for from beginning to end it is distinctly Wagnerian. Of course, it does not rival the Trilogy in formlessness, or, as the Philistine would say, long-windedness; but still it is essentially Wagnerian in its avoidance of formal cadences and its dramatic truth, while still overflowing with a constant stream of pure melody such as befits its Italian origin. It is the Wagnerianism of Bizet (whom Mascagni decidedly resembles in many points), or of Verdi himself in his later operas, "Aida" and "Otello," in which the veteran has remodelled his artistic method on the lines of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser." The music of the future has triumphed even on Italian soil, and it is a significant fact that among the very warmest admirers of this true son of Italy are to be found the countrymen of Wagner.

One of these Wagnerian features is the famous intermezzo. "Cavalleria Rusticana" without the intermezzo would be like "Hamlet" without the Prince of Denmark. It is necessary to see the opera to appreciate the wonderful effect of the pause in the action filled in by this interlude interpreting the situation like the chorus in Greek tragedy of old. The spectator is left to gaze on the scene where the tempest of passion has lately raged, and, as he gazes, the orchestra, in heart-searching strains, passes the whole drama in review, summing it up in an idealised form, crystallising the spectator's inchoate impressions, giving body to his half-formed thoughts. The dramatic use of the orchestra is, of course, one of Wagner's most prominent characteristics, and instances abound in all his works. But we are not aware that an exact parallel to this intermezzo can be found in Wagner, and to Mascagni belongs the credit of originating a novel feature which will doubtless have many imitators.

It is a good thing to be a *fin de siècle* composer. This is an age of *réclame*, and modern composers enjoy the advantage of increased publicity, as well as the proprietors of pills or the manufacturers of soap. It is only about two years since "Cavalleria Rusticana" was produced, and it has already made the tour of the world. It has been played at about 300 theatres, scattered all over Europe, from Palermo to Stockholm, and from Lisbon to Moscow, in North and South America, and even in Asia, where it has afforded delight to the inhabitants of Kadi-Koi! It is a striking instance of the shrinkage of the world of which we now hear so much. Telegraphs, railways, and steamers may be bad for Art, as Ruskin contends, but they are certainly good for the composer. Let him but achieve a decided success, and as Music is a universal language, the entire civilised world is open to his genius.

Pietro Mascagni has all the advantage of youth, being only twenty-eight. But, although success has come to him early in life, he had first to fight that hard fight which is the common lot of humanity. Mascagni is no patrician. Genius knows no distinction of rank, and our hero is the son of a baker at Leghorn.

Educated at a free school in Leghorn, he managed to spend two years at the Conservatoire in Milan, but his studies were interrupted by the necessity of earning his daily bread. He had to accept the post of conductor of the orchestra of a travelling troupe of operetta, and he was still filling this obscure and laborious post when he received the call, as of the sound of a trumpet, which summoned him to a wider field.

The well-known publisher, M. Sonzogno of Milan, had offered a prize of £160 for an opera by a young and unknown Italian composer. His object was to discover a worthy successor to Verdi, and feeling confident that there must be such a man somewhere if he could be found, he expressly restricted the competition to such young composers as were unknown, the test of their obscurity being the fact of their not having composed an opera which had attained the dignity of a representation. It may be imagined that there was no lack of composers who were able to comply with the condition of obscurity, and the jury were inundated with scores, good, bad, or indifferent. Unfortunately, genius generally refuses to allow itself to be discovered in this fashion. The result of the present competition is, however, an encouragement to the advocates of this method of fostering the development of art.

The competition had been announced some considerable time before Mascagni heard of it. It was then almost too late, as there were only two months to run before the last date on which scores could be received. Mascagni was, moreover, busily occupied with the routine duties of his profession, being on tour with his operetta company. However, he wrote at once to some literary friends in Leghorn, who immediately set about the composition of a libretto, which they despatched to him in hot haste, sheet after sheet, part of it being actually sent to him on postcards. Perhaps this pressure was in reality an advantage, as there are many instances to show that in art, at all events, the method of the file which Horace advocated does not always produce the best results. The "Messiah" was composed in a fortnight; so was another *chef-d'œuvre* in its particular style, Rossini's "Barbiere di Siviglia." Mascagni, at all events, rose to the occasion. The opera was literally written *currente calamo*. There was no time for correction or revision. On the last day the composer had not yet had an

opportunity of trying any portion of it over on the piano, and there was still a page to be written! It was a veritable race against time, like the voyage of Phileas Fogg across the Atlantic, when he burned the cargo, the furniture, and finally even the planking of his steamer so as to reach Liverpool before the expiration of the eight days! Happily old Chronos was defeated in the race, and Mascagni succeeded in placing the completed score, still wet, in the hands of the jury just as the clock was striking the hour!

The young composer was beside himself with delight when he heard that his work had been accepted; and when he learned that it would shortly be performed in Rome, he is said to have burst into tears.

The first representation was a triumph. It was universally admitted that the successor to Verdi, long looked for, had come at last. The next representation took place in the composer's native city of Leghorn. The excitement among Mascagni's townsmen was so great that the theatre was literally besieged long after every available seat or even standing-room had been filled. The police proved powerless to control the crowd, who threatened, in their frantic enthusiasm, to break into the theatre, and the would-be spectators had ultimately to be dispersed by a regiment of soldiers!

The opera was very soon translated into German, English, French, Czech, and Hungarian. It was produced in Dresden and Vienna, and was then fairly started on its triumphal progress round the world. Before long, it was brought out in London, where it formed the great hit of Signor Lago's season last November, and it has been selected by Sir Augustus Harris for the opening night of the present season at Covent Garden. It has everywhere met with an enthusiastic reception, except only in Paris, where an excessive "patriotism," combined with the influence of Paris composers whose royalties are interfered with by the representation of foreign works, threw cold water on Mascagni's genius. But even in Paris it will doubtless win its way in time, like "Lohengrin."

Mascagni's second opera, "L'Amico Fritz," which also forms a feature of the present season at Covent Garden, was equally well received on its first performance in Florence, and the composer is now at work on a third opera, "Les Rantzau," which is to be produced, probably in Naples, some time in the autumn.

Madame Albani will sing at a morning concert in St. James's Hall on June 27th, in aid of the funds of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The last similar concert, given two years ago, resulted in a sum of nearly £900 being handed to the Society; and it is hoped the present effort will be equally successful.

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Herr Moritz Karasowski, well known here as the biographer of his fellow countryman Chopin, died recently at Dresden, where for nearly thirty years he has been a violoncellist in the opera orchestra. Karasowski was born at Warsaw on September 1st, 1823, and he had already arranged for publication the whole of Chopin's Paris correspondence, when the insurrection of 1863 broke out at Warsaw, the house of Chopin's mother was wrecked, and the letters and various Chopin relics were destroyed. After his removal to Dresden in 1864, Karasowski, mainly from materials supplied by Madame Barcinska, Chopin's sister, wrote his life of the composer, which was published in German in 1877, and in English in 1879. An edition in the Polish language, published in 1882, however, contained many important additions—notably, Chopin's hitherto unpublished letters to Fontaria—and it remained the best authority on its subject until the issue, in 1888, of the more extended biography from the pen of Professor Niecks, of Edinburgh University.

\* We have to acknowledge our obligations to the *Monde* Artists for some of the most interesting facts in the following sketch.



## Au Courant.

I AM not surprised to hear that two popular music-hall banjoists have been performing in the fair city of Perth, but it is something more than surprising to learn that in the city hall there they have been permitted to twang their delectable instruments on a Sunday. True, the music was of a sacred character, and there was no charge for admission. But the insidious "silver collection" was made at the door, and inside money was charged for programmes.

The nature of the entertainment I have not seen specified, but the Perth magistrates, with whose sanction and approval the concert was given, have been severely rebuked by the Town Council, which has just passed a resolution to the effect that "it be incumbent on the magistrates to refuse the use of the hall in future to any similar company or person outside of an association or person in the city." Whether this means that the city hall will be let on Sundays to Perth performers on the banjo, or whether it is a covert invitation to players on the bagpipes, it is impossible to tell.

Few people know that the pretty melody sung by the happy people on board the house boat in Mr. J. L. Toole's successful play, "Walker, London," was composed by the Queen of Honolulu, in which place the tune is very popular. It was there that Mr. Toole discovered it, and it was the catchword of his company during their subsequent travels.

At the conversazione of the Royal Society at Burlington House, on the 4th ult., I was much interested in the exhibit, or rather an explanation with illustrations, by Mr. Cecil Carus-Wilson, of the production of musical notes from natural and artificial sand. A quantity of sand is put into a vessel, and by the pressure of a stamp various sounds are produced by friction between the grains. The time may come when by a few handfuls of sand "God Save the Queen" may be rendered. At present the musical sound sometimes resembles a chirp, and the notes are very capricious. The finer the grain the higher the pitch, and it was stated that the most mellow note is produced from artificial sand.

The expenses of oratorio are rapidly increasing, even in London, where the choir give their services gratuitously, or for no greater reward than a free ticket for a friend. The average cost of every performance by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall now, I understand, considerably exceeds £500, a large proportion of this amount going as fees to the principal artists. Madame Albani, it is said, receives £175 per concert, and, if only from a commercial point of view, she amply earns it.

Paderewski has confided to an interviewer some particulars of the portrait of himself by the Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), now being exhibited at the New Gallery. The great pianist says he gave the royal artist three sittings of two hours each, and he also believes that his admirer attended with pencil and paper every one of his public performances during last season. Paderewski was very much delighted with the kind reception he received at Kensington Palace.

M. Paderewski has, I hear, decided to return to the United States next winter for another tour of sixty pianoforte recitals, under the management of Mr. C. F. Trotter. The receipts at his final concert at Brooklyn last month were £720, and these, it seems, he generously divided between his secretary, Mr. Gerlitz, and his travelling manager, Mr. J. C. Fryer. The fortunate tuner who had tuned his pianoforte on tour received a present of £60.

Dr. Joachim was recently asked why it was he showed so little sympathy with the admirers of a certain cantatrice, celebrated for her wonderful execution of roudades, etc. "What would you have?" said the great violinist. "Here have I been all my life endeavouring to imitate on my

violin, the exquisite tones of the human voice; this singer, on the contrary, only seeks to imitate my violin. We can never please ourselves."

Happy diva! When Madame Diaz, the wife of the Mexican President, heard the other day of the death of Patti's pet dog Ricci, she sent the diva another, with instructions that it should be presented to Patti concealed in a basket of roses. The instructions were carried out to the letter during the performance of Donizetti's opera at the New York Metropolitan Opera House. The basket in which the dog was hidden was a triumph of floral art. Patti, attracted by the beauty of its design and the gorgeous bloom of its roses, chose this particular tribute from many to carry off the stage in her own fair hands.

As Patti lifted the basket to kiss the flowers, the little beast gave a feeble cry. The diva started, peered curiously into the mass of bloom, gave a purely feminine scream of delight, and running down to the footlights, whispered gleefully to the audience, "I declare if it isn't a lovely little dog." The house went mad. Men jumped upon the chairs and yelled "Bravo, Patti." Women waved their fans and handkerchiefs, and cried hysterically. Patti tried to get the dog out, but he was fastened in with ribbons. Finally she handed the dog and basket to an attendant, and, tripping back to the footlights, sang "Home, Sweet Home" as only she can sing it.

A correspondent sends the following obituary notice, by an American journalist, of Mdme. Patti's deceased dog:—"Adelina Patti's Mexican hairless dog (airless indeed now) 'Ricci' expired last Friday. The deceased possessed a high, well-cultivated soprano voice, of light, elastic, and delicately coloured 'timbre.' The deceased sang with facility many charming barkarolles. The interment was strictly private, no one but members of the family being present, with the exception of Maurice Grau, who wept copiously. 'Requiesdog in Patti!'"

For the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth next July, the tickets, I am officially informed, were all sold out on April 25th, that is to say, nearly three months before the first performance ever seen for the whole series of representations had already been taken up by the public.

The Bayreuth Opera House holds 1,400 persons, and as there is only one price—viz., 20 marks, or £1, per seat—it follows that the total receipts for the twenty performances will be no less than £28,000. An advance booking of this sort, at so high a price, and for so short a season, is, I imagine, wholly unprecedented in the history of opera, and it will somewhat astonish those who believe, or affect to believe, that the popularity of Wagner's music is on the decline.

Last summer at Bayreuth, owing to the heavy expenses of mounting "Tannhauser," there was a deficit of about £1,000, but this year it is expected that a considerable sum of profit will be added to the reserve fund. I am informed by Mr. Alfred Schultz Curtius, who will be the British representative at Bayreuth, that no less than £4,000 worth of tickets has been sold in England, being £1,000 worth more than last year.

In connection with the Philadelphia fire some short time since, the "Daily News" solemnly recounts a wonderful story of the French violinist who escaped from the conflagration at the Paris Opera House in 1781, by crawling under a door which the pressure of air prevented him from opening.

"Luckily the door joined badly at the bottom, and the musician stripped off all his clothes, and, lying down on his face and hands, compressed himself like a cat or a lizard, and managed to squeeze himself under the door, leaving on it the skin of the muscles of his back."

Chalon, the hero of this exploit, we read, recovered, but "was never able to make a bow again." What, not even a long bow?

Sir Charles Halle will be president, and Mr. Santley, who is a Lancashire man, has accepted the post of director of the vocal studies at the new Conservatoire of Music, which it is hoped will be started in Manchester next October. The school is to be one of the highest class, and its aim is more nearly to approach the Royal College of Music than the Guildhall School, the object, as

Sir Charles Halle tersely put it, being to turn out musicians of the first rank, rather than to start a series of cheap classes where pupils can learn a particular branch of the musical art without any regard to thorough training. Indeed, so severe are the requirements to be, that pupils, according to Sir Charles, are to be admitted only after a stringent examination, "which would be repeated after a certain lapse of time, and if the pupils did not make the progress which the masters were entitled to expect, they would be sent away."

Inexpensive leasehold premises are available, and the money for working expenses is to be provided by a guaranteed fund of £4,000 per annum for five years, nearly half of which amount has, I learn, already been either subscribed or promised. No doubt it would have been better, as the experience of the defunct National Training School for Music amply proved, to have endeavoured to raise a capital sum, but in the present state of trade this was deemed impracticable, and the pious hope was indeed held out that after five years the Conservatoire, thanks to the fees paid by the pupils, will be self-supporting. At any rate, no such important scheme for higher musical education has hitherto been put forward in the provinces, and its progress will be watched with the greatest interest.

Mr. Santley will without doubt be the most important member of the staff of the new Manchester Conservatoire. It seems, according to Sir Charles Halle, that the eminent English baritone has for a long time past been willing to undertake work of this kind, but a difficulty had presented itself, as he had always insisted upon having absolute control of the vocal classes.

For some years past the Glasgow Orchestral Concerts, given during the winter, have been under the conductorship of Mr. August Manns, of the Crystal Palace. The balance sheet for the past season, recently issued, is of a most gratifying character. The guarantors have been paid off the whole of the money they contributed to meet the deficits of former years, and there is a balance in hand of over £700, that is to say, about ten per cent. of the total outlay for the season. The guarantee for next season amounts to nearly £5,000.

The bold assertion that the late Tom Hohler, whose death occurred at Monte Carlo on the 1st ult., was once nicknamed "Howler," will rather astonish those who recollect the fashionable "tenore leggiero" at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Hohler, who was a son of the vicar of Winstone, was a clerk in the War Office, and an amateur vocalist, well known in society. When Mr. Mapleson engaged him in 1866, he had a light tenor voice, and as Arturo in "I Puritani" (the late M. Gaesler making his debut as Riccardo and Madame Sinico her second debut as Elvira), even his most lenient critics were obliged to confess he had much to learn as a singer and everything as an actor. He afterwards appeared as Carlo, and in other parts, but soon after the destruction of the theatre by fire he practically retired from the stage, although he was a constant habitue of both opera houses, and might always on first nights be seen in an omnibus box on the pit tier. About twelve years since he married the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle.

The vocal recitals of Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have met with remarkable success in America. This will not astonish London concert frequenters, who some time since warmly acknowledged the rare art shown by the accomplished singers alike in their solos and in their duet performances. They were engaged for six concerts in New York, eight in Boston, and for several in Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburg, Chicago, and Hartford, besides single appearances in a number of cities. Everywhere the same gratifying tokens of appreciation have accompanied the efforts of these vocalists.

There are good tidings of another metropolitan favourite, Signor Foli, now on tour in Australia. I am informed by Mr. N. Vert that a cablegram from his representative in the antipodes announces that the famous bass was enthusiastically greeted on his first appearance at Adelaide.

Mr. Edward Lloyd, the popular tenor, will embark for England on June 11th, so that he will



be back in good time for the performance at the Crystal Palace on the 25th of the same month of "Judas Maccabeus" under Handel Festival conditions. . . . As during his two preceding visits to America, Mr. Lloyd has been received in the warmest manner wherever he has appeared. He has gone through a round of the oratorios with which of late years he has been identified in England, besides singing in a few sacred works that are less esteemed here. Whilst his countrymen are delighted to receive news of Mr. Lloyd's success on the other side of the Atlantic, they will be yet more gratified to know of his return.

I hear from Paris that Madame Hellman, who has for several years past given at her house a private performance of an act or two of one of Wagner's operas with scenery and costumes, invited her friends on the 5th ult. to a recital of the greater part of the second act of "Parsifal" and of the "Rhine Daughters' Scene" from "Die Gotterdammerung." The hostess sang the difficult and often ungrateful music allotted to Kundry with the vocal resources, the musician-like ability, and the controlled passion of a highly-accomplished professional artiste. It is a pity for the sake of art that Madame Hellman is the wife of a banker, for had she taken to the lyric stage she would have made a great name for herself.

Senor Sarasate played at his first orchestral concert on the 28th ult. Max Bruch's second concerto, and introduced a paraphrase on Scotch airs from his own pen. I understand that Mr. Vert has arranged that at his third and fourth concerts the Spanish violinist shall perform for the first time his new Fantasia and his "Serenade Andalousa."

We are threatened this season with a rather remarkable "prodigy," that is to say, a lady, who is said to be young and pretty, and who—when her feet are divested of shoes and stockings,—possesses the ability to play various pieces on the pianoforte with her toes. At present this phenomenon is safe in New York.

The story of the divine Patti's marriage has never been told in full, it would seem. The French "Journal des Debats" vouches for this preliminary to the engagement: Max Strakosch subjected his ward to the most rigid surveillance and adopted particularly stringent measures toward M. de Caux. But the Emperor's faithful squire, hearing that Patti was to sing in Rouen, followed her thither, and engaged a room directly over hers. During her absence at the theatre he had a large hole made in the floor. On her return she was frightened by what seemed a voice from the skies. "Don't be afraid, Miss," it said; "it's only I." Imagine her beatitude when she looked up and saw the radiant face of her lover! Next morning she presented her fiancé to the indignant and amazed impresario. And now the French journal maliciously inquires, does the marquis regret having taken that trip to Rouen.

Judging by certain signs, there is reason to believe that the harp may again become popular. Perhaps the cost of an instrument and the constant expense of strings have had something to do with the disuse that the instrument seems to have fallen into. Moreover, it is thought that the harp is difficult to play, and does not sufficiently reward those who give their time to mastering it. As the oldest, and one of the most romantic of instruments, the harp naturally excites our sympathies; and musicians know that there are certain effects to be got from it that can be obtained nowhere else. The harp is an excellent accompanimental instrument, its tone mixing better than the piano. As, moreover, concertos have been written for it, it supplies plenty of opportunity for display for those who take up this too much neglected instrument.

The latest addition to Sir Augustus Harris's list of artistes is Madame Nordica, who showed herself in such magnificent voice at one of Mr. Henschel's Symphony Concerts shortly after her return from America. I hope that the good effects of the Atlantic breezes have not been dissipated by the rigours of the past winter, and that Madame Nordica will be at quite her best when she makes her promised re-appearance at Covent Garden.

Two innovations were observed by those who attended the brilliant opening of the season of

the Royal Italian Opera. In the first place a theatrophone was hung at the side of the prompter's box, communicating, as I understand, with the manager's room, and enabling Sir A. Harris to hear what is going on upon the stage even while he is transacting business in his private sanctum; and in the second place, incandescent electric lamps, placed in half the chandeliers on the first two circles, replaced the wax candles which from time immemorial have been used at Covent Garden during the grand season. At present the remainder of the chandeliers are lit by gas, but as the season advances it is hoped that the hotter illuminant will be entirely dispensed with.

At last Her Majesty's Theatre is doomed. Already the walls of the building are plastered with "affiches" announcing the sale of its furniture and fittings, and a few weeks will see the huge opera-house raised to the ground. Perhaps it is just as well that a Building which has swallowed up so much capital to so little purpose should see the end of its days. Its use has departed, and so its material had best be swept away into the Ewigkeit.

My Vienna correspondent writes:—The mornings at the Musical Exhibition give opportunities for interesting meetings and scenes between the votaries of music and the theatre. One artiste takes a fiddle out of a glass case and plays upon it for the pleasure of a new acquaintance who has just played a fugue on Bach's pianoforte for him. A young tenor finds an opportunity of being presented to the director of the Berlin Opera, Count Von Hochberg, and with so many instruments around and such first-rate opportunities, is allowed to give a proof of his talents. The schooled voice rises to an accompanying piano, and a small crowd of admirers assembles. Enthusiasts peruse together the pages of rare old manuscripts or view still rarer music. Regrets have been expressed that the Hungarian Section does not exhibit Gipsy music, which is so original and interesting.

Friday, the 13th ult., being Sir Arthur Sullivan's fiftieth birthday, a large number of friends called and left their congratulations. Lady Salisbury sent a floral present, with wishes for his speedy recovery. Happily, the latest reports continue favourable.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera now stands postponed until September, and there is every reason to believe it will be produced at the Savoy during the second week of that month, with Miss Lucille Hill in the role of the Puritan heroine. On many grounds the decision thus arrived at will be considered a judicious one. The public would not have been satisfied if the music, which is already in a very advanced state, had been finished by another hand; and although Sir Arthur has so improved in health that he will probably soon be able to set to work again, yet a production in July might have subjected the success of the opera to a serious risk. Consequently it will be presented in September, about a month before the Leeds festival.

The new work, I learn, departs, to a certain extent, from those of the Gilbert and Sullivan series. The libretto has plenty of the comedy, but none of the fantastic element, and it boasts a serious and well-sustained English plot. The music, too, has little of the merry jingles which has usually been associated with Grossmith, although it is light, melodious, and thoroughly English in style, and the choral work is of far greater importance than is usual at the Savoy. In short, the new opera, or at any rate what is finished of it, is said to be a sort of happy compromise between "The Gondoliers" and "Ivanhoe," and while pleasing to the ordinary playgoer, to be interesting to musicians.

An oration recently delivered by Sir James Crichton Browne before the Medical Society has led the "Lancet" to comment upon the difference between the sexes in cerebral structure and function, with special reference to music. My contemporary points out that woman, notwithstanding the high place allotted to music in her educational curriculum, has not enriched the storehouses of the "divine art" with a single "chef-d'œuvre" and proceeds by implication to stigmatise as excessive the amount of attention devoted to the subject by those responsible for female teaching. "Why,

with such a record of 'no results'—so far, at least, as the production of a female Handel or Beethoven, or even a female Gluck or Bellini is concerned—music should usurp such a preponderant place in girls' education it is difficult to divine."

This view of the case will hardly find ready endorsement. The writer of the words quoted seems to imagine that all artistic tuition is superfluous which does not lead the pupil to absolute creative pre-eminence. Does then the high position as executants attained by so many of the "weaker sex" count for nothing? Granted that the small group of female composers have given the world no single example of original genius, yet music has brought as much delight and solace to woman as to man. Let her then pursue the cult to her heart's content, even if she be inferior to man in her "cerebral substratum of ideomotor energy." At any rate, all the tough words in the physiological dictionary are not likely to alter the present state of affairs, or abate one jot of the industry which is bestowed upon the art by our girls and their preceptors.

Bosworth and Co. have secured the copyright of five songs by Mascagni, which will shortly be published. The English versions have been written by Mr. Henschel.

So much jealousy has been displayed on the Continent against Signor Mascagni that the opinion of Verdi in his favour is doubly interesting. In conversation with a German interviewer recently, Verdi spoke in generous terms of Mascagni's "enormous talent," and, moreover, thoroughly believed in the wisdom of short operas like the "Cavalleria." "We older musicians," said Verdi, "have been obliged to write interminable grand operas, spread over four hours and a half, to introduce choruses which have nothing to do with the story, to elaborate simple situations, and to write lengthy arias with all sorts of accessories, instead of keeping to brisk dramatic action. And now we see spring up a young composer with immense talent and great facility of invention, to give us a serious opera in one act without all this tra-la-la, and in which the action never halts. I regard it as a happy innovation, and am not surprised that our public have accepted it with enthusiasm."

Where did it come from, this maddening lyric and more maddening dance, "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay"? Miss Lottie Collins, "by kind permission," has allowed herself to be cross-examined on a question which is agitating artistic Europe. "The dance is mine; the tune and refrain come from America; the words I had written by my friend and author, Mr. Richard Morton. The tune may, or may not, have originated with the negroes at camp meetings, but it was given to my husband by Mr. Sayers, an American composer, who was under certain obligations to me, and it had previously been tried by a lady, whose name I forget, in a variety show piece called the "Tuxedo Girl!"

Many theories have been advanced as to the origin of the tune. It has been traced back to the gipsy songs of Servia, and even the once, almost too popular "Pestal" with the time altered to make it lively. Miss Collins is not so fascinated by the song as her hearers. To quote her words:—"It seems ungrateful to say so, but, like all singers and actors, I do not love 'Ta-ra-ra' as I ought to do. I have heard of actors and actresses who during excessively long runs have begun to hate their parts. I am not so bad as that; but I don't think I shall weep when I am compelled to sing something new. I have been on the stage ever since I was seven years old, and during that time I have had many songs that I fancy I love better; but this, perhaps, is only a mother's weakness for her first-born."

These views were given at the house of a friend who has been honourably connected with the theatrical profession for many years, whose hospitality attracts friends, authors, actors, and cultivated musicians. Thanks to the kindness of a distinguished pianist present, a feast of Chopin, Rubinstein, Schumann, and Schubert was presented in a way that would have cost many guineas in public. Not the least intelligent and attentive listener present was Miss Lottie Collins. As I listened I thought of Schumann, who had been used for a comic ballet by Johnny d'Auban, and Schubert, who had been rifled for "Tommy make room for your uncle."



## Musicians in Council.



Dramatis Personæ.

DR. MORTON, . . . Pianist.  
MRS. MORTON, . . . Violinist.  
MISS SEATON, . . . Soprano.

MISS COLLINS, . . . Contralto.  
MR. TREVOR, . . . Tenor.  
MR. BOYNE, . . . Baritone.

**D**R. MORTON: I have an interesting treatise here on Byzantine music, by S. G. Hatherley, Protosphyter of the Patriarchal Œcumenical Throne of Constantinople (Alexander Gardner, London). In this work, the author, to quote from his preface, "reasoning from what is better known to that which is less known, after discussing the formation of the musical scale, passes in review the Gregorian system, a Western development of Eastern tradition, and proceeds to a full description of the old Greek diatonic genus, the chromatic genus, and the mixture of the diatonic and chromatic, on which the bulk of Eastern music, now prevalent, is constructed."

MISS S.: That sounds rather an alarming programme.

DR. M.: Well, no doubt it is a book which will appeal rather to the student than to the musician pure and simple, more especially since the reader is requested to pass by no remark until the meaning is thoroughly comprehended. The most interesting section of the book is Part V., which contains specimens of Eastern music, such as a lover's song of Smyrna, a nuptial song of Nizbegorod, and various choral dances, besides sacred music. An attractive series of classical pianoforte music, for the use of schools is issued by Messrs. J. and J. Hopkinson, under the name of the Grosvenor Series. The numbers sent me include a scherzo by Schwarwenka, a toccata by Bargiel, a minuetto by Grieg, and two reveries by Hiller. The pieces are clearly printed and of medium difficulty. Of course "classical" is a somewhat vague term. Some people might not look upon Schwarwenka and Bargiel in the light of classical masters, but that is, after all, only a matter of opinion. "Sketches in Music," by Edward Hamilton (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.), is the name of a volume containing six short pieces, which is dedicated to the pupils of the Royal College of Music. The sketches are decidedly above the average, being distinguished by a touch of originality which is no less rare than pleasant. As their name implies, they are very slight, and one almost regrets that the composer did not think it worth while to work out his ideas rather more fully.

Trevor: Ideas are such scarce and precious things that their lucky possessors ought always to make the most of them. What a blessing it would be if there was a market where ideas could be bought or exchanged. Suppose, for example, that a composer had a brilliant idea for a story, he might sell it to an author, who would know how to work it out, or he might exchange with an artist who had a catching melody in his head, but was incapable of turning it to account as a song or waltz. I really believe it would often be found that a technically untrained amateur had happy thoughts that were practically no earthly use to him, but which might prove excellent material to the literary or musical professional, who has made too large demands on his own inventive faculty.

MISS S.: An excellent notion. What a pity you can't begin by selling it to some enterprising

tradesman who would like to start an "idea exchange and mart." I am sure it is wanted badly enough, at any rate in the musical profession. A song that can scarcely be said to be distinguished by newness of ideas is "Down the River," by Henry Klein (C. Sheard & Co., London). It is commonplace as regards both music and words. Mr. Klein has done better work than this in the past, and it is to be hoped he will in the future. Then I have four songs by L. Heritte-Viardot, called "The Sweetest Songs I ever Sing," "The Daffodils," "Lullaby," and "Praises" (Stanley Lucas, Weber, & Co.). These songs are all above the ordinary level of drawing-room ballads, but the two last-mentioned please me the best. "Praises" has a very effective violin obbligato, and is, in all respects, an attractive song.

Trevor: I am rather taken with a volume of "Six Songs of the Sixteenth Century," set to music by Erskine Allon. (The London Music Publishing Co.) The poems are all perfectly charming, making music in themselves. Among them is my favourite "Sweet Content," which has been already well set by Blumenthal.

Mrs. Morton: Ah, no composer can ever do that justice. What music could give full expression to the lines:

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
O sweet content!

Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed,  
O punishment!"

Trevor: "Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?"

O sweet content!

Swim'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?  
O punishment!"

What a pity we can't all take that moral to heart, and act up to it. Another lovely song is "Rosalynd's Madrigal," by Thomas Lodge, and there are both quaintness and charm in Robert Greene's "To Fawnia." The musical settings are good as far as they go. Mr. Erskine Allon has not attempted much in the way of imitation. He always writes like a musician, and his accompaniments are interesting, but he appears to have no very decided gift for melody.

MISS COLLINS: I have a charming volume here called "A Child's Garland of Song," being verses by R. L. Stevenson, set to music by Dr. Villiers Stanford. (Longmans and Co., London.) This contains nine songs, among the prettiest of which are "Foreign Lands," "Foreign Children," and "Windy Nights." The music, being intended for quite young children, is of the simplest description, both melody and accompaniments, but the little tunes are bright, well marked, and carefully suited to the little voices for which they are intended. The volume also contains some pretty and fanciful illustrations. It would make a delightful present or prize for a musical child. I have also three songs by Mary Augusta Salmond, called "She came and went," "Careless," and "Alas, so long!" (Metcalf & Co.) On the title pages of two out of the three is an announce-

ment that the songs may be sung in public without fee, but "a parodied version is strictly prohibited." I should have thought it was rather putting ideas into the head of a would-be parodist to issue such a prohibition, especially when one considers with what a strong spirit of contradiction the average man is blessed. "She came and went" is the most pleasing of the three. The words, by James Russell Lowell, are beautiful and pathetic. They are really poetry, not mere verse-making. "Careless" is bright and pretty, while there is a touch of light-hearted cynicism about the verses by Charles Mackay that is rather refreshing. "Sleep, and take thy rest," is a sacred song, words of Sarah Doudney, music by Ernest White. (Joseph Williams, London.) The words are not at all to my taste, but the melody is sufficiently tuneful, and there is a smoothly-flowing arpeggio accompaniment.

## Paris Theatres and Concerts.

**M**R. WILLIAM F. APTHORP, in "Scribner's Magazine," gives his concluding paper on Paris Theatres and Concerts. It would be, he remarks, an incomplete account, indeed, of Paris theatres and concerts that omitted all mention of the Café Chantant. This peculiar form of entertainment is by no means peculiar to Paris; it flourishes all over the continent of Europe; in England its place is taken by the music hall. But it probably attains its greatest perfection in Paris. Leaving out of consideration the various winter establishments of this sort in almost every part of the city, let me confine myself to the three summer places that open every year as soon as the warm spring weather permits, in the Champs-Élysées, and add much to the nocturnal splendours of that wonderful avenue. Leaving the Place de la Concorde behind, you see two of these flaming gardens, back to back, on your right; the Café des Ambassadeurs and the Alcazar d'Été; opposite them, on your left, stands the Pavillon de l'Horloge. These three are the principal cafés chantants in Paris;

## A DESCRIPTION OF ONE.

will do for all. The chief attraction at each one is always some famous comic singer; thus last summer the Alcazar had the renowned Paulus, who "created" (as the French say) "Revenant de la revue," better known here as the "Boulangier March." At the Ambassadeurs sang Kam-Hill (a fantastic stage-spelling of Camille, his real name), whose chief distinction is that he sings in a scarlet dress-coat; while at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, over the way, Yvette Guilbert sang nightly. Paulus is an old stager, and no little of a celebrity; he is an artist in "diction," every syllable he speaks or sings stands out with beautiful distinctness, and he has a certain native "vis comica," although it seems to me that this last power of his has been somewhat over-rated. The songs he sings are innocent enough, and their comic essence seems nicely adapted to the wants of all-but-feeble-minded. How anyone in his senses can be provoked to laugh by them passes my understanding; still they do not make you absolutely melancholy. With Kam-Hill the case is different; more than five minutes of him would go near to make a man look sad—even without the death of a dear friend; ten minutes plunge you into a black gloom, and after a quarter of an hour you think of suicide. Paulus is at least droll, and like a true artist, emphasises the fun of what he sings, such as it is; but Kam-Hill tries to be funny himself, regardless of the humorous quality of his songs, and fails most dismally. In short, Kam-Hill is to me the most incomprehensible popular fad I have ever come across.

## YVETTE GUILBERT

at the Pavillon de l'Horloge, stands alone. You might take your children to hear Paulus or Kam-Hill without more serious results to them than softening of the brain; but the songs Yvette Guilbert sings have a frank, outspoken purlence that surpasses anything of the sort I have ever heard in public. She is an artiste, for all that, and to my mind far more talented than either Paulus or Kam-Hill. She hardly ever makes a gesture, or movement, and has little or no play of facial expression; she is not in the least droll. The enormous effect she produces comes from perfect distinctness of utterance, and an astonishing skill in vocal inflection. I have never seen any-



thing like it; it is, in its way, the perfection of highly finished art. There is absolutely no apparent effort, and the most irresistible pungent result. Paulus, Kam-Hill, and Yvette Guilbert are the three recognised "di majores" of the comic song. Almost every night during the season, which lasts, as an eminent Archbishop once said, from Easter to the Grand-Prix, they repair, after the performance is over, to evening parties in high life, financial, or even official, circles, and there sing over again the songs they have just sung on the Champs-Élysées.

#### THE CAFÉ CHANTANT ITSELF

is a garden enclosed by iron railings and shrubbery, and lighted by garlands and festoons of gas-jets in milk-glass globes; at one end is a stage, with proscenium arch and curtain. In front of it sits the orchestra. Then come rows of fixed seats, a little shelf running along the back of each row to hold the cups and glasses of the people sitting in the row next behind it. A reserved seat ticket gives you the right to one consummation—a cup of coffee or chocolate, a glass of anything you please, from beer to champagne, a portion of brandied cherries, or a tiny ice. To get a really good seat, during the season, you must take your tickets "en location," for the place is almost always crowded. At the back of the garden is the café and restaurant. The entertainment consists of comic songs—each singer singing off his or her batch of songs in succession, and not appearing again—of juggling, learned dogs, and acrobatic tumbling. The "star" goes on near the end of the performance.

#### COMPETITION WITH ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.

There can be but little doubt that the ever-increasing popularity of the "café chantant" has done much to displace the at one time flourishing orchestral concerts of the very lightest sort of music—such as, for instance, the old Concert-Musard, near the Palais de l'Industrie, where the Jardin de Paris now is—and has even seriously cut into the business of some of the smaller vaudeville theatres. It has exerted a very similar influence, in its competition with the more legitimate light comic drama and light musical entertainments, to that exerted by Offenbach "opéra-bouffe" during the Second Empire and a decade or so later, in its triumphant competition with the lighter forms of "opéra-comique." The tendency in both cases has been a downward one, and one might think that the "café chantant" had, by this time, pretty nearly reached bottom. Certainly, with Yvette Guilbert it already borders dangerously on the legally indictable. Still, in so far as music is concerned, if the "café chantant" has, little by little, drawn away part of the Paris public from the old, and now almost extinct, concerts of dance-music, quick-steps, and light overtures, another, and by no means inconsiderable, part has been drawn upward from these entertainments by the symphony concerts of Colonne and Lamoureux.

#### PROGRAMMES LACK ENTERPRISE.

The Sunday afternoon symphony concerts at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été are very well attended indeed, and, as far as I could make out, by every class in the community. The programmes at these concerts show one thing unmistakably: the prevailing deference paid in France to popular taste. An important foreign work is hardly ever brought out unless there seems to be a fair chance of its pleasing the public. The result is that the programmes have a singular flavour of provincialism and lack of enterprise. Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, and Mendelssohn are played continually. During the last few years Schumann has been added to the list, and even Niels Gade is beginning to find an opening. But these men are classic, their success is already assured. The fact still remains that, in Paris, the artistic capital of the world, you may go to the symphony concerts pertinaciously through a whole season, without getting therefrom the faintest notion of what is doing in the rest of the musical world. Very little by Raff, Dvorak, Goldmark, or Grieg has been given in Paris; only one symphony by Brahms (the No 2 in D) has ever been played there. Wagner is the only foreign composer since Schumann who has gained any real foothold at all, and he may certainly be said to reign supreme with the public to-day. I do not think that he has touched the highest point in his French popularity yet.

#### FRENCH COMPOSERS.

Those of us who have read much French musical criticism of late years, and the books by French composers that have appeared from time to time, have had to wade through a good deal of glowing rapture about "notre jeune école militante."

To believe reports, Paris was swarming with geniuses, with gifted pioneers in all sorts of brand new directions. Now, what conversation I had last winter with French musicians in Paris, even with very "advanced" ones, went far toward confirming one impression I had already got from a certain reading between the lines, and putting apparently trifling this and that together; namely, that what the "jeune école militante," together with some of its elder brethren, had principally been doing for the last ten or fifteen years, really amounted to whistling louder and louder to keep its own courage up. A prominent composer, with whom I had an hour's chat, spoke of the present condition of musical production in France in terms almost of despair. I do not think that a single composer now in France has much faith in any of the others, nor do I think that many have a very unshaken faith in themselves. And, as all of them, to a man, have one common cherished dream, that of writing something for the opera, and having it successfully produced there, Wagner is the man they are most terribly afraid of. As long as he was confined to the concert room, matters were not so desperate; but only let the success of "Lohengrin" be repeated at the opera with another work by Wagner, and the present French composers will have to look to their laurels; they know it, too, perfectly well.

#### MANIA FOR OPERA-WRITING.

The inveteracy of the French instinct for opera-writing is curious to study; the French composer still looks upon whatever orchestral or chamber music he may write as something written, "ad interim," to keep him before the public, and fill up the time until the day shall come when he can find an opening for himself at the Opéra-Comique or the Académie de Musique. His whole heart is not in his work until then. He seldom devotes himself to the largest form of orchestral composition, to writing full-grown symphonies, but prefers shorter "genre" pieces that can be more quickly written, and sooner brought out. The prospect of immediate performance is almost indispensable to him. The story Berlioz tells of himself in his "Mémoires," that he did not write a symphony, the theme of which came to him in a dream, because he had not money enough to bring it out when written, may be apocryphal, but it is eminently characteristic, not only of Berlioz, but of the French composer in general. Many a young composer who graduated from the Conservatoire with the stoutest educational equipment and the brightest outlook upon the future, has taken "temporarily" to writing "opéra-bouffe" when he found it necessary to keep the wolf from the door; and, the opera persistently refusing to give him an opening, has changed temporarily into "permanently," and kept on writing "opéra-bouffe." Charles Lecocq took a prize in fugue at the Conservatoire; Audran one in composition at Niedermeyer's school, and their case is not an uncommon one, except in so far as their success is concerned.

It is the dearth of large and serious orchestral works by French composers that gives the programmes at the Châtelet and the Cirque d'Été such a curiously undignified, not to say frivolous, aspect. I heard one musician characterise them as "des vrais programmes de café concert"—as sheer musical variety shows.

#### AT THE CONSERVATOIRE

matters are different. The Conservatoire, as its name implies, and ought to imply, is nothing if not conservative, and jealously guards its own dignity. The French composer of to-day, unless he be one of the old guard, with an established, world-wide reputation, finds that getting a composition performed at the Conservatoire concerts is the next hardest thing to getting an opera accepted at the Académie de Musique. The Conservatoire gives programmes worthy of the name, programmes that the seriously-minded music-lover is really attracted to go and hear; well-balanced, artistically constructed, and interesting.

Both the Conservatoire and the two other concert establishments show, in the matter of performance what an enormous power tradition exercises in France, and how dependent upon it French musicians are. Excepting an utterly superb and unsurpassable performance of the "Eroica" symphony at the Conservatoire, the German music I heard given in Paris was played, often with the most exquisite technical perfection, but almost always with, so to speak, something of a foreign accent. In the classic repertory they have, especially at the Conservatoire, pretty sound traditions to go by: traditions derived from the most part from Habeneck, who, although French by education, was much in touch with German musicians. Still there was, even here, a certain foreign flavour to the playing; both the conductors and the players seemed to take Mozart

and Beethoven with a rather academic seriousness. The wonderful first theme in Mozart's G minor symphony, that beautiful "smile through tears," was played like clock-work; the finale in Beethoven's eighth symphony, the most overbrimming, rollicking piece of humour in all music, was played with all the grim earnestness befitting an exercise in counterpoint. The "Scene by the Brook-side," in the "Pastoral," was played with a certain delicate sensibility, very winning in its way, but utterly at variance with the German "Gemuth," but when the French conductor is brought face to face with a German work, with no tradition to fall back upon, there is a terrible chance of his going wrong. The topsy-turvy of the "tempi" and general bedevilment of the native force and accent of the music that M. Lamoureux wrought in Gade's C minor symphony, would have made a Leipzig stare. On the other hand, both he and M. Colonne seemed to me to do better with Wagner than most German conductors do who have not been under the master's immediate personal influence. Their inbred Gallic love for artistic measure guards them against the exaggerations of Wagner's "expressive" style of performance which are too common in Germany.

#### MUSICAL CRITICS.

Musical criticism is not very strongly represented in Paris just now. There are two critics admirably equipped by education and culture, and possessed of no little critical acumen—Victor Wilder, of the "Gil-Blas," and J. Weber, of the "Temps." Wilder especially is a man of ideas, a thinker of rare force, and both men are to be spoken of with the sincerest respect. Still, even they do not do half what they might, and what the rest do is not worth considering seriously. The whole matter was put into a nutshell by one eminent composer with whom I had a chat one day. "We have no musical criticism worth mentioning nowadays. There are Wilder and Weber, both of them strong men enough, but Wilder hardly ever writes. You may look through the 'Gil-Blas' for months together without finding a word from his pen. As for Weber, he writes mainly about the music of savages. You can find nothing worth reading about what is actually going on in the musical world here, unless a man like Massenet happens to bring out a new opera—which is not often."

## Professor Marshall-Hall.

**E**VEN Professor Marshall-Hall will not deny that he was very young indeed when born at a house in Edgware Road, London, in 1852. He undoubtedly inherited much of his intellectual strength and energy from his grandfather, Dr. Marshall-Hall, the celebrated and fashionable physician, whose name will doubtless be familiar to our medical readers. We can imagine the holy horror with which the stately old disciple of Æsculapius would have contemplated the notion of his grandson following the musical profession. But that did not in the least affect young Marshall-Hall, who, when seven years old, decided that he must now or never produce a musical masterpiece, and, setting to work vigorously, compiled the libretto, and wrote the music of his first oratorio, "The Unjust Steward." Even at that early age he aspired to originality. He resolved that his music should be different from Handel's, and everyone who heard it said it was.

Having accomplished this, Mr. Marshall-Hall resigned himself to fate, and began to attend the Blackheath Proprietary School. After some years there he studied science at King's College, and proceeded thence to Switzerland to master several foreign languages. At the age of seventeen he returned home to become foreign language master in a college near Oxford. All these years, however, his passion for music was gaining strength, and after holding the above-mentioned post some time, he determined to make music the work of his life, and went to the Royal College to prepare himself.

Those who know Mr. Marshall-Hall will not be surprised to hear that he did not get on well there. He learnt quickly enough; in fact, too quickly, and became impatient with the college's slow ways and slower professors. It is but fair to say that his teachers bore him no malice, and recently bore unanimous testimony to his abilities. He remained three months at the college, and



went back to teaching for a time, taking the post of first foreign-language master at Newton College, Newton Abbott. Whilst there he completed a musical drama, "Dido and Æneas," several overtures, symphonies, quartets, and got well through with the music-drama "Harold"—his latest and (his friends think) greatest work. It was in 1886, we believe, that Mr. Henschel performed a scene from this opera at the London symphony concerts, Mr. Santley taking the principal part of Godwin. The scene was enthusiastically received by the public, and the more enlightened press. His success made him determine to try his fortune in London, and he came to the great city to earn a living by teaching, composition and prose-writing. Several of his articles have appeared in our own columns, others in the now-defunct "Musical World," and other journals. We published a song from "Harold," "Where the thorny brake," in September, 1888, not without difficulties, of course. Mr. Marshall-Hall won reputation and position in a remarkably short time. In 1890 his song, "Cycle of Life and Love," was published and had an enormous sale; and later in the same year he was offered and accepted the post of first professor of music in Melbourne University.

Mr. Marshall-Hall is in no great hurry to publish, and it is rather unfair to criticise music which the ordinary reader has no chance of hearing. But we may note that most of his contemporaries admit him to be, as MacCunn recently said, the king of living music-dramatists. He has been married some eight years; stands over six feet three; and, as a friend of his remarked, is the owner of a large massive head, and a great shock of black hair. He writes his own librettos, and has also written a number of poems which may shortly be published. He is doing splendid work in Australia; and if at the end of five years he is tired of the Antipodes and returns to England, his successor will have reason to bless the name of G. W. L. Marshall-Hall. J. F. R.

## The Silent Musician.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF  
THEODOR STORM.

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### CHAPTER IV.

**A**BOUT a week later I was on my way to the bleacher's house. Before I reached it, I heard sounds of pianoforte music from within. "Now I shall catch him in full enthusiasm over his Mozart!" I thought. But when I stood near my friend's room, after having entered through the open house door, I heard that Schubert's "Momens musicals" were played, and it was not a man's touch that produced these sounds. "Portamento, not staccato!" my friend's voice said. Another voice, a youthful one, but with a particularly pure ring, answered: "I know, uncle; but does not the 'staccato' sound far, far better here?" "Oh, you Jack in the box!" he retorted, "first compose something yourself, then you can play it as you like!" After a little pause followed a portamento. I fancied I saw distinctly how the young fingers glided from one key to another. "Now, please, once more, to see if you have got it quite right!" It came again, and this time with perfect certainty. On the door before me was struck an apparently fresh slip of paper. It ran:—"And she recovered, how I should praise God; earth is so beautiful, it is as glorious as the heavens above, and it is joy to tread on it." The quotation was from the "Wandbecker Messenger." I knew it well, only my friend Valentin had allowed himself to make a little alteration; for the old "Asmus" spoke in his poem of his own recovery only. While pondering over this, I opened the door and saw a young girl sitting by Valentin's side at the piano, looking up to him with large, attentive eyes. He had risen with his pleasant, embarrassed smile. "Did our little chat the other day agree with you?" I asked, shaking hands with him. "With me?" he replied. "Oh, capitally!" "And how are you? I may have told a great deal; you know yourself, two together at a good glass!" He said this almost in a whisper, as if he had to ask my pardon, while his pale blue eyes were fixed on me with an indescribable expression of heartiness. "On the contrary," I said, "I am not yet satisfied; you will have to tell me more! But," I added, quietly, "first finish your lesson with your little favourite there—for it is she, I suppose!

Meanwhile I will look out for 'Burger' on your book-shelf." He nodded. "We have nearly finished," and he returned to his pupil. I searched among his little book treasures, and soon found the two "Chodowiecki-Burger." I pulled out one of the copies by chance. While I examined the frontispiece, where the great ballad-poet with a long wig is playing the harp in the open market-place, the sounds of the "Momens musicals" reached my ears. A servant had entered the room with coffee and cake. She spread a snow-white table cloth over the table near the sofa, and got everything ready—two blue and white cups soon stood at the side of the "Bunzlauer" coffee pot. A third one appeared after a cleverly given hint by Valentin. I had just noticed that when I discovered on the first white page in my little book a written poem which took up my entire attention. They were only childlike, simple verses, and yet it seemed to me as if a breath of spring came blowing from them. Thou dear beautiful earth of God, how thou hast brightened my heart! It was never before so horrible, when suddenly there appears a blue sheen; the turf breathes sweet fragrance; a bird sings from high in the air: "He who possesses a pure and gentle heart may join my songs." Then I sang with a cheerful courage. "I knew my heart was good!" I read it again and again; these were the verses from the violet-spot. It was just like Valentin; as I knew him, and as he must have been when young. And now he himself stood before me, the slender, pale girl, with the brilliant, brown hair by his side. "Yes, this is my dear Mary; to-day is the first time for a good while that we have spent our Saturday afternoon together; and it is a great pleasure to me that you have come too." Then seeing the book with the written page in my hand, he suddenly blushed like a girl. "Do take the other copy for yourself," he said, "the print is far clearer." But I tried to keep it in my possession. "May I not keep this? Or can you not part with it? I see, it belongs to the time of your boyhood." He looked at me gratefully. "Are you in earnest?" he said. "Then it is in good—in the best hands." Then we three sat at the table, the little lady made a charming hostess, and listened silently to our conversation. "Well friend Valentin," I said, "you must tell me one thing; this brown beverage opens the lips of men too. What has become of your violet spot? Does the spring sun still shine upon it, or is it like many beautiful places, changed into a potato field?" A glad, almost cunning smile glided over Valentin's face. "Perhaps you do not know yet that I am a secret squanderer!" he said. "So, friend Valentin! It is true." "That spot belonged to a queer old fellow. I have become his heir; that is to say, after his death I bought this useless piece of ground. But we two, Mary," nodding towards his favourite, know its value, don't we, and we also know, for whose birthday we must necessarily pick violets there." Then the slender girl leant her head against his shoulder, and put her arms round his neck. "For mother's birthday," she said, gently, "but it is a long time till then, uncle." "Spring will surely come again. God grant it, friend Valentin!" said I. "May I then go with you, and help to wind the wreathes?" Two hands were stretched out towards me, one was slim, beautiful, and young, the other—I knew—was a faithful hand.

I did not join them; before winter had gone life had driven me far from this town. Through a mutual friend I received once more a greeting from Valentin; several times I had thought of her violet-spot, and then no more. Other figures pressed themselves in front; behind whom the silent musician gradually quite disappeared. About ten years later I happened to come on a longer journey through a larger town in Middle-Germany, the "orchestral classes" of which enjoyed a wide and well-deserved reputation; not only by their own good performances, but quite as much by the cleverness of the conductor, who managed to obtain for almost every concert some artists of such note as was more than proportionate to their modest means. It was late in autumn, and already evening when I arrived. A musical friend, who lived there, had met me at the station, and told me that there would be a concert that night, given by the "orchestral class." I must go with him at once, as it was late. I knew from experience there was nothing to be said against this to such an enthusiast, and so I gave my luggage label and superfluous travelling requisites to a porter of some hotel. We were soon sitting in a cab, which drove us, for double fare, in a quick trot to the "Museum," which I already knew. On the way I learned that for to-night a young singer was engaged, a sort of "Unicum," who only sang classical music, and who had the odd fancy of always representing herself as the pupil of a totally unknown man. The concert had commenced before our arrival, and we had to wait out-

side the locked door of the concert hall till the last bars of the "Hebrides Overture" had died away. When the doors were opened again, my friend put into my pocket a programme, which he had procured in the meantime. He drew me with his hand into the crowded hall, and had soon found—I don't know how—two disengaged seats for us. Next to me sat an old white-haired gentleman with a pair of dark eyes in his finely-cut face. "Now then Mozart!" he said to himself, and folded his hands over his yellow handkerchief which he had spread over his knees. Soon after that, while I was looking in the glorious light of the gas chandeliers at the walls of the hall, the simple decorating of which showed a remarkable taste for colour, a singer had appeared on the platform—a pale girl with a pair of dark plaits on her temples. The orchestra played the first bars of the aria for "Elvira," from the second act in "Don Juan," and now she raised the piece of music in her hand. "In quali eccessi, o muni!" I felt as though I had never before heard such affecting, and at the same time unpretending, singing. The old gentleman at my side nodded more vigorously with his head. That was art which would relieve all earthly grief! But then—like everything beautiful—it was already finished while the ear was listening intoxicated. A few sharply accented bravos went through the hall, with clapping of hands here and there; but the applause was not general. The elegantly dressed head of a young man sitting in front of us, bent back towards the old gentleman: "What do you say, uncle? Pretty voice, but rather quaint; she appears to be self-taught." The old man looked at him very keenly: "So my nephew, did you find that out?" he said. Then turning towards me with a polite gesture, he added almost solemnly, "That was Mozart as I used to hear him in my youth!" The concert proceeded. Now come the attempts at art of the class," whispered my friend into my ears from the other side. And so it was; a quartet for strings by a living master was performed; but all the carefulness and certainty of the players could give no soul to these fanciful and showy figures. A tedious, aimless looking round went through the rows of the audience; the old "Mozartianer" at my side had suppressed several times in his yellow silk pocket handkerchief the beginning of a yawning fit; then at last the third movement in  $\frac{3}{4}$  time had been played. The players went away and the desks were put aside. Most of the audience were sitting there with very stupid expressions on their faces; they manifestly did not understand the thing. Then the young singer appeared once more on the platform, a little roll of music in her hand. Her face bore a roguish, almost triumphant expression, and the suspicion entered my mind that she was going to outdo the modern string quartet by a still more decided showing off of her vocal organ. Luckily I was mistaken. There was not even orchestra accompaniment, only the Kapellmeister was sitting at the grand piano that had been moved into the foreground. A few introductory chords were played, and then began a prelude as simple as it was sweet.

A feeling of cheerfulness seemed suddenly to flash through the audience as if caused by the calm power of the singer. "Thou dear beautiful world of God; how hast thou brightened my heart!" What was that? I recognised it—it was written on the white leaf in my "Burger." These were the words of my old music-master, Christian Valentin. How long had I forgotten him! How it rang through the hall, sung by the pure youthful voice. An indescribable emotion came over me. Had he found the melody to his words himself? The singer was standing before us, the roll of music held low in her hand by her side. Enthusiasm and devoted love spoke from her young face, and now she rendered in inexpressibly sweet notes these last words: "Then I sang too with a cheerful courage, I knew my heart was good." A perfect silence ensued as she finished, then a storm of applause burst forth that did not seem inclined to end. The old gentleman near me had taken my hand without my noticing it, and pressed it earnestly. "That is soul—soul!" he said, and shook his head. I hastily pulled the programme from my pocket, and there was the name of my old friend; twice he was mentioned, first beside the name of the young singer, who called herself his pupil; then as composer of the "Lied" that had just now enlivened the audience. I had got up, and looked around me. I felt as though I must discover him somewhere in the room, his dear old face around whose mouth a childish smile was always playing. It was a delusion; my old friend had not heard the sweet lark-like tones of the song of his youth. A calm delight seemed to lie on the listeners' faces. I myself felt as if I had been after all with the silent master to the violet-spot.

I had not heard much of the remainder of the concert; but on the uncomfortable pillow of the



hotel bed, where I soon was resting like someone mortified, the sweet sounds of the song comforted me, till at last I fell asleep. Again and again they resounded before my inner ear like children's voices, in strange contrast to the October storm raging outside. Moreover, the somewhat pale face of the singer floated before my closed eyes. After all he had attained it! The art of Signora Katerina sang as clear as a bell from this young artist. I did not doubt it for a moment when I heard her sing, although I did not remember the features of the doubly-loved child, and I had never known her family name. I shall not mention it here. She was the subject of much talk, and for a short time she even caused a warm dispute between the old and modern musicians. Soon, however, she retired into the great multitude who outline their joy and sorrow in a limited and quiet circle. The next morning, my first thought was to call on her, and inquire about my nearly-forgotten friend; but some unforeseen business detained me. Then the friend who took me to the concert yesterday, and whom I had left rather unceremoniously, when it was over, helped me. I met her that evening at his house, where a good many guests were assembled. All lovers of the pure style of music, as I soon found out, including the "Mozartian" of yesterday's concert, with whom I shook hands. There she stood herself, kindly talking to my friend's pretty little daughter, who regarded her as an object of worship. When, after having saluted the hostess, I was introduced to her, she put her arm round the child's neck, and drew it fondly towards herself. For a little while her eyes looked inquiringly at my face, then she gave me her hand. "It is you, is it not?" I said. "We once spent a Saturday afternoon together." She nodded and smiled. "I have not forgotten it. My old friend and teacher has often talked of you; especially when the springtime came, as you had intended to go with us to his violet-spot!" "It seems to me," I replied, in a low voice, "as if we two at least had been there yesterday evening." She gave me a hearty glance. "You were at the concert? Oh, I am so glad." Then we both were silent for a little time, while she bent down to the child that still clung to her. "You called yourself his pupil on the programme," I began again. "Generally it is not the fashion of artists to share their fame with an old teacher!" She blushed crimson. "Oh, I never thought of that. I do not know why I did it; it was natural, for it seemed to me as if he still held me with his hand; I feel so thankful to him!" "But what did he himself think of it, our master Valentin?" She looked at me calmly. "That is just the thing," she said, "it is a long time since he was on earth."

I did not again see the young singer. I hope she has been a happy mother for years; and in the twilight, when work is resting, and holy silence of the night is drawing on, perhaps she then opens the piano, and sings to her children the sweet song of her long departed friend.

And also this as a sacred remembrance.

(To be continued.)

## The National Instrument of the Gael.

PROBABLY the first thought that occurred to the sober Scot on reading that eight pipers of one of his pet regiments had taken part in the musical services at York Minster the other Sunday, was that the newspaper reporter meant to have a little joke at his expense. But this idea must have speedily vanished as he got into the details of the startling innovation. At first—so he read in his morning journal—a smile was seen on the faces of the congregation, which numbered some thousands, but soon there was a solemn hush as the pathetic wail arose in the great Cathedral, accompanied by the soft roll of muffled drums. It was the first appearance of the national instrument of the Gael in the service of the sanctuary; and Dr. Naylor, the organist, to whom the arrangement was due, has been congratulated on his insight and courage. So far the reporter, and certainly he is right in crediting the eminent organist of York Minster with courage, if not also with insight. That genial musical critic of the early days of the

"Athenaeum" to wit Hy. Chorley, used to say in his jocular moods that any one of the stalwart pipers whose performances form such an attractive feature of the Scottish regiments, could blow down by the force and percussion of his drone, half-a-dozen rivals of any other nationality whatsoever; and if there be anything in the tradition that the walls of Jericho fell at the blast of the pipe, there is assuredly no little reason to congratulate Dr. Naylor and the officials of York Minster on their fortitude in permitting the warlike instrument to sound its wild note within the precincts of the famous building. The innovation itself is another matter. But why, it may be asked, should the bagpipe not be used in the service of the sanctuary as well as the organ? If once it be admitted—for of course there are cynical people who refuse to admit any such thing—that the pipe is an instrument capable of emitting a musical sound, then the further admission must follow, that from the said pipe even the organ itself has been developed; for in its primitive shape the organ is nothing more or less than a bagpipe in a different form, furnished with a keyboard, with a bellows that has gradually been evolved from a bag, and with hundreds of pipes instead of two or three. How an argument of this kind would strike the Gael it is perhaps needless to conjecture. He has been known to have taken kindly to the organ in the kirk because of its supposed virtues in the way of clearing the building of dust; and more than likely he would rather part with the dust than part with the worshippers. You may keep a congregation to listen to the "war note of Lochiel" as it goes echoing around the pillared aisles of a huge cathedral; but even the Scot would rather have his bagpipe music come to him from the hillside than from the foot of the pulpit stairs in a small enclosed place. It is, we believe, Sir John Stainer who is responsible for the statement that the bagpipes were heard on that memorable day when Nebuchadnezzar tried to enforce on his people the worship of the idol gods. It is a precedent that the Scot might well found on, especially as Sir John inclines to the opinion that "the massive volume of sound" produced by the musicians of the old-world monarch "must have been awe-inspiring and terrible." There can be no doubt of it!

We suspect, however, that the patriotic Gael's concern in regard to the Minster innovation will have to do mainly with the question of the Englishman's right to appropriate to his own service an instrument which the Gael has been led to believe is peculiarly his own, both by inheritance and priority of usage. But whatever the Scotchman may think, the student of musical history does not need to be told that the bagpipe, so far as its origin and early use are concerned, belongs no more exclusively to the northern kingdom than do the sun or the moon. Why, even Nero himself is said to have been a performer on the pipe, and to have danced to its music while ancient Rome was vanishing in smoke and flame; and at any rate there is nothing more certain than that an impression of a primitive bagpipe is to be found on one of the coins of his reign. As Carl Engel has told us, the instrument appears to have been from time immemorial a special favourite with the Celtic races; but it was quite as much admired by the Slavonic nations. In Poland it used to be made of the whole skin of the goat, in which the shape of the animal, whenever the bag was inflated, appeared fully retained, and showing even the head with the horns. Even in Ireland the instrument is of much higher antiquity than in Scotland. It is alluded to in Irish poetry and prose which the experts believe to date from the tenth century; and there is in existence an illuminated Irish manuscript of the year 1300 in which a pig is represented as gravely engaged in playing the bagpipe. It was hardly a diversion for a pig, but it was suitable enough for Chaucer's miller, of whom the poet remarks that—

"A baggepye wel coude he blowe and sowne  
And therewithal he broughte us out of towne."

Nobody needs to be reminded of Shakespeare's frequent references to the instrument—of how he speaks of "the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe," of the antipathy some people have to its sound, and of some who laugh like parrots at a bagpiper. Even in the reign of Edward III. the bagpiper was an important personage. If in England there was no Royal Society of Musicians, there were institutions for minstrels, for licence was granted to one Moslan, the bagpiper, to inspect the minstrel's schools, for which duty he was paid a fee of 40s., a sum equal to £30 of our present money. Probably Moslan found that the schools were not managed so well as they might be, for after the inspection, Barbor, the bagpiper, received a licence to visit the schools for minstrels beyond the sea, for which he had a sum equal

to about £22 of our currency. In the ninth year of Henry VII. "Pudsey the piper and bagpiper" received 6s. 8d. from the King for his performance, or about £5, which was surely liberal pay, seeing that wheat was then 1s. 5d. the bushel, and that a whole ox might be had for £1 16s. 7d.

In Louis XIV.'s time the bagpipe formed one of the instruments included in the band of the "Grande Ecurie," and was played at court concerts. In Asia the instrument is almost universal, though at present not so much in use as it seems to have been in former times. It is used among the Chinese musicians, and is met with in Persia, where it appears to have been more generally employed in former ages than now. There is also a Hindoo bagpipe, and in Egypt it was used to some extent, but is rarely met with to-day. In Italy, as in Germany and Spain, it is common. It is said that the Italian peasant believes that it is the best beloved music of the Virgin Mary, and also that it is the instrument upon which the shepherds expressed their joy at the Nativity. And so we might go on with further illustrations, all tending to prove that the Scot has no more exclusive right to the pipe than he has to the fiddle.

As a matter of fact there is no evidence whatever to show that the bagpipe was in use in Scotland before the middle of the fifteenth century. Mention is made of it in "Pebble to the Play," attributed to James I. (1424-1436), but the instruments employed in that monarch's time were almost without exception of the stringed class. So late as the year 1489 we know from documents which have been preserved that it was so little cultivated that English players had to be imported for special occasions. Even strolling players from the south seem to have now and again received formal payment, as in July, 1489, when "Ingliis pyperis cam to the castel (Holyrood) gate and playit to the King." As a warlike instrument we all know the later history of the bagpipe in Scottish hands, but there is no allusion to it in any of the circumstantial accounts of the sanguinary conflicts of the Gael which have come down on us. Although its use, no doubt, prevailed in the Lowlands, there is absolutely no proof of its ever having been assumed by the people of that part of the realm as a warlike instrument; and in so far as regards the Highland portion of the population, we believe the earliest notice of it in that character is in the narrative of the battle of Balrinnie in 1594, in which many of the Highland clans were engaged, and where it is spoken of as "the principal military instrument of the Scottish mountaineers." In the ballad which minutely details the battle of Harlaw in 1411, the bagpipe is not mentioned, although trumpets and drums are particularized.

The portability and shrill piercing tone of the bagpipes were, however, not long in bringing it to the front, and as a result its cultivation was much fostered by the rude chieftains who formed the nobility of Scotland in the days when a good fight was looked upon as one of the amusements of life. At the time of the Jacobite Rebellion the instrument was in the zenith of its popularity. When Prince Charlie entered Carlisle in 1745 he was preceded by no fewer than a hundred pipers, whose blast must have been of itself enough to strike terror into the hearts of the townspeople. It is told that the whole hundred swam the Eak, and "danced themselves dry to the pibroch sound" when they had gained "terra firma!" The history of the bagpipe in Scotland is, in truth, the history of battles and bloodshed. Many of its players have died as heroes, and its music has frequently been the means of bringing success to our troops when success appeared to be hopeless. To the Highlander the sound of the pipe is as the sound of the trumpet to the war horse. At the battle of Quebec, in April, 1760, whilst the British troops were retreating in great confusion, the general complained to a field officer of Fraser's regiment, of the bad behaviour of his corps. "Sir," replied the officer with some warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipes to play this morning; nothing encourages Highlanders so much in a day of action. Nay, even now they would be of use." "Let them blow like the devil then," said the general; and the pipes being ordered to play a favourite pibroch, the Highlanders, who were broken, returned the moment they heard the music, and formed with great alacrity in the rear. There are many instances of this kind, but there is no need to multiply them. The inspiring power of the pipe is universally admitted, and if we cannot credit the Scot with the first use of the warlike instrument, we can at any rate credit him with the employment of it for the most practical purpose. Whether the precedent set by York Minster will lead to a new use of the instrument in the northern kingdom remains to be seen.

J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.



## Music in Folk Life.

ANY pleasant and amusing pictures of peasant life are drawn by Mr. F. D. Millet, in his series of articles, "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," now appearing in "Harpers."

The sun was well down behind the hills (he says) before we launched the canoes on the day we left Buda-Pesth. The strains of the csardas still echoed in our ears, and our minds were confused by the novel experience we had enjoyed during the past four days.

It was not until we lost sight of the hills near the city, late on the following day, that we realised we were afloat in the heart of the vast plain which extends to the Carpathians. Women vigorously beating clothes with wooden mallets enlivened the scene with their laughter and gossip, and formed fascinating groups, with every combination of rich colour.

Everywhere were sunshine and laughter and song. Cries of "Eljen!" (hurrah!) and "Hova megy?" (where are you going?), greeted us constantly as we passed; shouting in reply "Fekete Dengerig!" (to the Black Sea!)

The cheery vivacity of the people, their unfailing courtesy and agreeable manners, had won our affectionate admiration from the first, and the more we came to know them the more we found reason to honour our earliest impressions of them.

Like three Tartars of Tarascon, we found everything at Monostorszeg arranged for our amusement and entertainment as if by a stock company. In the court-yard of one of the well-to-do farmers' houses, where we stopped to examine the stock of home-made embroideries and fabrics for which the housewife was justly renowned in the neighbourhood, we soon saw assemble quite a large party of youths and maidens, many of them in holiday dress, and all ready for a dance.

From somewhere, we never knew how or whence, a group of strange-looking musicians and stranger instruments appeared casually in the crowd, and the inspiring tinkle of native dances set every bare foot patting time on the smoothly trampled earth. There were a bass viol, a guitar, a medium-sized mandolin, and one, the tamboura, no larger than a lady's hand, all of them strung with wire, and played with a bit of bone or horn. On the last-named instrument, which had a neck out of all reasonable proportion in length, a tall, brawny native picked the most intricate and encouraging melodies, and the feet must indeed have been heavy which did not rise to the rhythm of this music.

Out of deference to the visitors, the csardas was for some time the only dance, but as the excitement increased, and the presence of strangers was forgotten, their own dance, the "kollo," took its place, and we all participated in this, with more zeal than skill. The "kollo," which is the common dance all through Croatia, Slavonia, and Servia, is more solemn and stately than either the Hungarian csardas or the Roumanian "hora," but, like these, finishes only with the strength and endurance of the participants. A ring is formed, usually of an equal number of dancers of both sexes. Each maiden places her hands on the shoulder of a youth on either side of her, giving both the strings of her girdle or the ends of a kerchief passed behind her back, to twist around their forefingers, thus binding the circle firmly together. The dance consists in stepping one measure by a rhythmic patten with the feet, and then the next measure by a movement to the left, with now and then a few steps backward and forward, as the caprice of any part of the circle may decide. In this dance, as in the csardas, the performers are swayed and directed by the leader of the orchestra, who alternates a slow, almost mournful strain with wild and passionate bursts of music, which, like shocks of electricity, set every figure in spirited action.

Not far from Vukover, the capital of Croatia, we land, and camp among the trees, and the smoke of our several camp fires soon curled up among the trees, and floated away in the clear air of the perfect summer evening. Our first visitor was a Croatian, who, having served in the Austrian army, had learned a little German, and was only too anxious to air his knowledge. He prepared us for the visit of a band of gipsies who were camping in the vicinity, cautioned us to watch all our loose articles, and loudly sang the praises of one of the gipsy women but lately married, who, he declared, was as beautiful as a queen—probably meaning the Queen of Servia. To be sure, the next morning, shortly after dawn, a motley crowd straggled up to our encampment,

among them the gipsy belle, with the bearing and gait of a duchess. Tobacco stood in the place of a formal introduction, and even the conscious beauty asked for a cigarette, and puffed away like a veteran smoker. The keen-eyed old rascal who, by virtue of advanced age or superior cunning, was recognised as the chief of the party, took the liveliest interest in our attempts to sketch the beauty, and when the sketch was done calmly proposed to give us the model to carry away with us. As the offer was made in Roumanian, a language not then familiar to our ears, we did not at first comprehend the generous nature of the gift.

"Take her with you," he said. "You'll go, won't you?"

"Indeed I will," replied the dusky beauty, "if they'll take me to Bucharest."

"But if she goes away with us it will make a scandal, and the husband will have something to say about it," we timidly suggested.

"Not at all," insisted the old heathen; "he's away now, and if he finds her gone when he comes back, he'll easily get another wife."

This morality of the red-Indian order so astonished us that we did not readily offer the excuse that our boats could carry but one person apiece, but we sweetened our refusal by the gift of an abundance of tobacco and a few old clothes, hastily launched our canoes, and retreated down the river. From one group to another, from one shore to the other, we went as slowly as the resistless current would let us, fascinated by the cheerful busy life, and always finding each new scene more attractive than the last. A wonderful sunset glow coloured all the landscape as we encamped under a high bluff, in full sight of Semlin, and the Servian capital beyond. We fancied we could see in the glowing distance slender minarets behind the great fortress which guards the frontier, and in the perfect quiet of the lingering twilight imagined we could hear the hum of the busy towns. The song of a shepherd on the opposite meadows echoed sweetly as we lay by the camp fire that beautiful evening, and enjoyed for the first time in our wanderings an hour or two of delightful leisure in the open air. The happy chant of Servian girls marching down the steep paths in the bluffs, laden with jugs for Danube water, was our accompaniment as we paddled along in the early morning toward the steamer, landing at Semlin, the last Hungarian town on the right bank of the Danube.

## Accidentals.

THE annual dinner of the Guild of Organists was recently held at the Holborn Restaurant. There are about 150 members belonging to this organisation, who are banded together with the object mainly of improving their status. The Guild is exclusively a Church institution, and a little soreness is felt by organists at the treatment they receive from the clergy. Their position not being a legally recognised one, they are often called upon to carry out what was described by one of the speakers as the autocratic behest of the vicar, and sometimes even that of the vicar's wife. They complain, not unnaturally, that the disinclination often shown by the vicars to consult them as to the musical arrangements is a slight upon their professional status, and affirm that if they could get a license from the bishop of each diocese they would feel more confident in their places. These points were urged with some force by the various speakers. As might be expected at a gathering of professionals, the musical programme was of exceptional merit.

At Mr. Manns' benefit concert at the Crystal Palace a pupil of the virtuoso Dr. Joachim made her first appearance in England, and showed that she was worthy such an instructor. Fraulein Gabriele Wietrowetz decided upon no less taxing a work than Mendelssohn's Concerto, thereby throwing down the gauntlet to many of the most distinguished artists of her time. She had not, however, over-estimated her powers. The intricacies of the composition were mastered in a finished manner, and occasionally there were evidences of originality in dealing with some of the minor points in the concerto. Another feature of the young lady's manipulation of the violin was grace, and she so satisfied her hearers that they three times recalled her to the platform at the close. From this initial performance we believe Fraulein Wietrowetz has a great future before her.

Cathedral organists are proverbially a long-lived race, the placid and uneventful life in a cathedral close apparently being favourable to longevity. For example, the veteran Dr. H. E. Ford has just been presented with a testimonial on his completion of half a century of work as organist of Carlisle Cathedral, to which post he was appointed in 1842. It was partly in recognition of his long service, partly owing to his reputation as an organist, that the Archbishop last year conferred upon him the Canterbury degree of Mus. Doc.

Next year Dr. E. J. Hopkins will also celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his appointment as organist of the Temple Church; and in the following year Dr. Done will have acted for half a century as organist of Worcester Cathedral, and conductor of the Three Choir Festivals. This long period, has, however, been exceeded by Dr. W. H. Longhurst, who entered Canterbury Cathedral as a choir boy on January 6th, 1828, and on the breaking of his voice became assistant and afterwards titular organist, he thus now being in the 66th year of uninterrupted service in the musical department of this venerable church.

The illness of Sir Arthur Sullivan was a subject of discussion at the last meeting of the Leeds Festival Committee, and Mr. Spark, the popular hon. secretary, was deputed to come to London, in order, if possible, to obtain an interview with Sir Arthur upon the question of the conductorship. There is reason to hope that Sir Arthur will conduct the final rehearsals and performances, but the names of two eminent British musicians have been unofficially mentioned as likely to be invited to assist, should the services of one or both of them be required.

Steinway Hall is to be enlarged in August by the removal of the wall on the right hand side after the rather narrow entrance has been passed. At present the area contains seats for 383 persons, whilst the gallery holds about 150.

Dr. Spark, of Leeds, has in preparation a volume of musical reminiscences, which he proposes to publish by subscription. Amongst other matters of musical interest it deals with the Leeds Festivals. It is expected to be completed at an early date.

Herr Rosenthal, who had at one time contemplated a public appearance in this country during the coming summer, has wisely postponed his visit until a more suitable period. This distinguished artist, who holds the highest reputation in Germany and Austria, may possibly undertake an American tour next winter, in which event he would probably make his debut here en route, late in the autumn.

Mr. Max Klein, the well-known violinist, has arrived, from Australia, in London. Mr. Klein, it will be recollected, went out with Mr. F. H. Cowen as leader of the Victorian Orchestra in 1888. He played during the whole of the Melbourne Exhibition, and achieved considerable fame in the Antipodes as a soloist, a quartet leader, and a teacher. Indeed, it was thought he might possibly have stayed in the Colony, but the love of home proved too strong, and consequently, henceforward Mr. Max Klein will practice his profession in England, where he will be welcome enough.

The Grosvenor Club presented an exceptional concert to the members and their guests on the 12th ult., the programme including the names of Madame Nordica, Madame Marguerite de Pashmann, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Elkan Kosman; while Mr. Martinus Sieveking conducted in masterly style, and Herr Gottlieb's Vienna Orchestra proved to be as good as ever. Among those present at this delightful entertainment were Lady Lyttelton and the Hon. Misses Lyttelton, Lady Virginia Sandars, Lady Otway, Mr. A. B. Forwood, M.P., and Mrs. Forwood, Sir Richard Rennie, Sir Ralph Thompson, Lady Isabel Clayton, and Lady Adelaide T aylor.

Mr. Arthur Friedheim, who is now in America, was once arrested in Russia upon the strange charge of murdering himself—that is to say, on leaving Russia he was arrested on the frontier, and the sapient officer insisted that he was a fraud, that he had murdered the real Arthur



Friedheim, and had stolen his papers. In vain Mr. Friedheim truly declared himself to be a pianist. At last the officer, declaring he knew nothing about music himself, stated that there was a brother officer a few miles off who could sing a little, and that the wayfarer should soon be put to the test. The next trouble was to get a piano, but this difficulty overcome, Mr. Friedheim was easily able to prove himself a very good pianist indeed.

Mlle. Neponny, a young Russian, possessing a phenomenally rich soprano voice, made her first public appearance at little Max Hambourg's recital, in the Steinway Hall, on 17th ult. She has been studying under Mme. Artat, in Paris, who predicts a very brilliant career for her.

The progress of music for keyboard instruments during four centuries—from the middle of the fifteenth to the middle of the nineteenth—was the subject of a recital by that excellent player Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, on the 21st ult., at Prince's Hall. Analytical and historical comments were delivered by Mr. Edgar F. Jacques, than whom no musician is better qualified for such a task. The twenty-seven pieces mentioned on the programme commenced with an organ "Repetitio," by Conrad Paumann (1410-73), and through various works for the harpsichord, and through the periods of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, etc., and terminated with Liszt. With such illustrators as Messrs. Bonawitz and Jacques, the afternoon was both pleasant and instructive.

The fact that the first festival of the Sons of the Clergy was held as far back as the Commonwealth days, and in the St. Paul's Cathedral which was destroyed in the great fire of London, will afford some idea of the antiquity of a celebration which, as an annual musical festival, must now be one of the oldest in Europe. At the 238th anniversary celebration, held at St. Paul's on the 11th ult., the band and the conductor were for the first time placed within the choir rails, an arrangement which greatly added to the effect, the choir, numbering some 300 voices, while Dr. Martin conducted the orchestra. The procession included the Bishop of London, Archdeacon Sinclair, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Bishop of St. Asaph, the stewards and committee of the festival, the sheriffs and aldermen, the Bishops of Lichfield and Peterborough, the City Marshal, the Sword and Mace Bearers, the Lord Mayor, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The civic visitors wore their robes and chains of office. From a musical point of view the service was as interesting as ever. It was preceded by Sir Arthur Sullivan's beautiful "In Memoriam" overture, and the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis were specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Henry Gadsby, who some of the officials can still recollect as a somewhat mischievous choir boy in the cathedral upwards of forty years ago. For the anthem, a selection of Spohr's "Fall of Babylon" was chosen. After the sermon the "Old Hundredth" psalm was sung, and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus brought the service to an impressive conclusion.

Paderewski has a protegee. She is Miss Szumowska, a Pole, who was born in Dublin, where her father was a professor of music. At eighteen months she is said to have climbed upon the music stool and picked out her mother's lullaby. Notwithstanding this early beginning, Miss Szumowska was only an amateur until Paderewski heard her play in Paris, when, recognising her great ability, he urged her to make music her profession, and offered to direct her studies. To this proposition she consented, and last year made successful debuts in both London and Paris. In private life Miss Szumowska is held in high esteem.

Miss Evangeline Florence, the much talked of American soprano, who made her debut on the 11th ult., was born in one of the beautiful suburbs of Boston, U.S.A. Her musical education was begun at a very early age, and though she has been singing "considerable" in America, she has been constantly studying under Mme. Edna Hall, of Boston (mother of Miss Marguerite Hall). Miss Florence is here to study as well as to sing, and will begin lessons with Mr. Henischel as soon as he returns from America. Though she can sing B in alt, on May the 11th A flat was her highest flight.

The rank and fashion and beauty of the City were assembled at the Lyric Theatre on the 10th ult., where the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music gave "Fra Diavolo." They gave it pretty well, too. The stately civic authorities, who had bouquets resting on the front of their boxes, were in full canonicals, or uniform, or whatever is the right term for it, and not even the brilliant attendants of the Empire, in all their glory, are more gorgeously arrayed than these.

The twenty-second concert of the Westminster Orchestral Society was given at the Westminster Town Hall on the 25th ult. The programme arranged for this occasion was a notable one. Miss Fanny Davies appeared for the first time at these concerts, and played with the co-operation of the Society's instrumental forces, Schumann's Concertstück; an interesting novelty from the clever pen of the conductor, Mr. Stewart Macpherson, was also performed. This latter work was in the form of a "Notturmo in E flat," and is dedicated to the chairman of the society, Mr. W. H. Cummings.

The last recruit to the ranks of grand operatic contraltos is Miss Jessie Browning, who recently appeared at the Standard Theatre, as a member of the Turner Opera Company. Her performance was a most excellent one, her past practice in opera at the Guildhall School of Music, where she was trained, standing her on this occasion in very good stead. Her voice is rich, and weakest in its lowest notes, which is unfortunate for a contralto; but with practice it is likely to fill out considerably. Her "production" is all that can be desired, and shows the excellence of her training by Mr. Wharton. Miss Browning is tall, has a pleasing stage presence, is young, and acts with great self-possession as well as ability.

Another attempt is about to be made to establish a series of high-class concerts on Saturday evenings in the Metropolis, and the London Saturday Concert Society announce a preliminary series of performances at St. James's Hall between May 28th and June 18th inclusive. As the charge to members for the best stalls is only 2s. 8d. (4s. to non-members), it may be taken for granted that if Saturday evening concerts can be made to pay their way at all the present scheme should have an excellent chance. Hitherto, however, Saturday has been considered by no means the best evening for concerts, partly owing to the competition of the opera and of the theatres, partly because suburban residents do not care to brave a late railway journey, while others in the summer prefer the superior attractions of the country or the river.

The arrangements made by the London County Council for music in the parks during the summer months are now completed, and the first of the municipal band performances took place on the 16th ult. Nearly 600 performances are arranged for, and the days of performance are as follows:—North-Western District.—Hampstead Heath on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; Parliament Hill, on Sundays and Thursdays; Waterlow Park, on Wednesdays and Saturdays; Ravenscourt Park, Eel-brook Common, and Wormwood Scrubbs, on Thursdays; and Victoria Embankment Gardens, on Wednesdays.

South-West District.—Battersea Park and Clapham, on Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; Brockwell Park and Streatham Common, on Wednesdays; Kennington Park and Wandsworth Common, on Saturdays.

South-East District.—Southwark Park, on Sundays and Saturdays; Peckham Rye, on Sundays and Thursdays; Plumstead Common, on Thursdays and Saturdays; Blackheath, Ladyswell Recreation Grounds, and Telegraph Hill, on Thursdays; and North Woolwich Gardens on Saturdays.

North-East District.—Victoria Park on Sundays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; Finsbury Park, on Sundays and Thursdays; Clissold Park, London Fields, and Wapping Recreation Ground, on Saturdays; and Hackney Downs on Thursdays.

The special feature of these arrangements is the fixing of the weekly early closing day for the majority of the week-day performances.

We understand that the New York branch of Messrs. Francis Day and Hunter's music publishing business is already an assured success. Their trade has increased so much during the past few months that their present offices are inadequate. Manager Cyke therefore finds it necessary to remove at once from Union Square to more commodious premises. The new address is No. 27, East 21st Street.

## Music in Manchester.

ON behalf of the Railway Servants' Orphanage, two concerts were given in the Free Trade Hall on April 29th and 30th, by the Minnebach Minstrels. During the last four years this Society has raised in six performances the large sum of £1,900 for the orphanage, a record it would be difficult to excel in the annals of charitable entertainments. In further aid of the same cause a musical recital of the "Bohemian Girl" was given on May 7th, with an orchestra and chorus numbering upwards of 300, composed principally of members of Sir Charles Halle's Choir, and the Pendleton Choral Union. Halle's evergreen opera has not yet lost its power to attract, and a large audience enthusiastically demanded the repetition of the hackneyed airs that intersperse the work, as though they had not done duty hundreds and thousands of times before.

A meeting fraught with momentous issues to the interests of music, not only in Manchester, but also in the neighbouring counties, was held in the Town Hall in May 4th. At the instance of Sir Charles Halle, a committee was appointed in December last, to consider the promotion of a scheme for (1) the building of a new concert hall, with accommodation for a Conservatoire of Music; (2) formation of a committee to take over the management of Sir Charles Halle's concerts; and (3) the establishment of a Conservatoire of Music. The committee now reported that they did not consider the first proposition feasible, and the second fell through also, as it was conditional on the first being carried out. With reference to the third object, they advised that a guarantee fund of £4,000 per annum for five years should be raised, to establish the Conservatoire on a sound basis. Provided this sum were obtained, suitable premises could be rented, and a competent staff of teachers engaged, it being hinted that Mr. Santley would probably accept the position of chief of the vocal department, Sir Charles Halle and Mr. Willy Hess promising their assistance in the instrumental. Subject to funds being forthcoming, it was expected that the Conservatoire would be opened in October next. The report was adopted, and a very influential committee appointed to frame a constitution, and solicit subscriptions in aid of the scheme. A sum of £1,300 was promised at the meeting, half towards preliminary expenses, and half towards the guarantee fund.

Great controversy has been aroused by the action of the Dean in permitting a performance of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," in the Cathedral on Good Friday. Musically, the innovation was a great success, and it attracted a large congregation. Those who hold that the resources of our Cathedral choirs can be utilised to much better purpose than they are at present welcomed the event most gladly, not only for its own sake, but as likely to be the forerunner of many such occasions, but they reckoned without their host. The ability of some ultra-Protestants to detect leanings towards Popery in any variation of the Church of England ritual is almost inconceivable, and when the vestry meeting was held a few days later, the Dean was called to account for his action in the matter to such effect that he submitted to the storm, and promised that it should not occur again. Not content with this ready submission to their views, the alarmists gave further expression to their sense of the danger with which the Established Church was threatened, to the tune of two and three columns daily in the press on Mariolatry and such cognate subjects, till the original question at issue was almost lost sight of. One is inclined to describe the whole affair as the proverbial "storm in a tea cup," and it is to be hoped that when the present warm feeling has subsided, that the Dean will reconsider his decision, and that even if Rossini's masterpiece is effectually banned, some other works of the great composers will ere long be heard within the walls of our Cathedral. H. B.

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## Literature of Music.

**A** DESIRE for songs incalculating nobility of thought and purpose, yet free from theological prejudice, has resulted in the setting to music of a collection of nearly 150 poems that can offend no class or creed. "The Inner Life," breathing precepts of truth to conscience, patience, and self-control: "Social Life," and its requirements of duty, action, etc.; and the lessons of "Nature" form three divisions in which the loftiest moral principles and man's obligations to man are enforced with laudable directness and energy.

"Ethical Songs with Music" (T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London) will be welcomed in many quarters, not only because they supply a want, but because of the excellence of their material. Some of the most beautiful poems dictated by love of humanity ever penned are comprised in the series, and are allied to taking melodies by ancient and modern composers.

Thus Adelaide Anne Procter is hand-in-hand with Berthold Tours and Haydn. Charles Swain with Schumann, Arthur Hugh Clough with Greig, Longfellow with Dr. Mainzer, Archbishop Trench with Dr. S. S. Wesley, William Blake with Spohr, Charles Mackay with Kjerulf, and Dean Alford with Barnby. There are also poems by Swinburne, Newman, Lewis Morris, Goethe, Whittier, Tennyson, and Mrs. Hemans; whilst many of the tunes have been composed expressly. The happy idea of one of the clubs of the "Leighton Hall Neighbourhood Guild" (Kentish Town), with which the scheme of the little volume originated, has been ably carried out.

None but an enthusiast like the Very Rev. S. G. Hatherly, Mus.Bac. Oxon and "Protopresbyter of the Patriarchal Œcumenical Throne of Constantinople," would have attempted such a task as is represented in "A Treatise on Byzantine Music" (Alexander Gardner, Paternoster-sq.). It is an effort to clear up some of the difficulties which beset the student when confronted with Eastern music generally. A publication of this kind is the reverse of light reading; indeed, the author in the preface makes a special request that the inquirer who takes the treatise in hand will "pass" by no remark until its meaning is thoroughly comprehended. The work calls for thought and intelligence, together with some previous knowledge of a far from common subject. A large number of pieces from Greek, Russian, and Turkish sources are presented without any point likely to interest the diligent reader being missed. The "Boorlatskayah," or boatman's song of Tamboff; the "Chorovodnahyah," or choral dance of Astrachan; and a sailor's love-song of Leucadia—three examples in succession, taken at random—sufficiently demonstrate the researches of the writer. Few people, perhaps, may be craving to know all about "the old Greek diatonic genus," but those who are will appreciate the erudition and industry here displayed.

In an interesting paper on "American Sea Songs," by Alfred M. Williams, which appears in the "Atlantic Magazine," the writer says:—"No one who is old enough to remember the glorious spectacle of a full-rigged American clipper ship getting under full sail outside the headlands of a harbour, after having been cast off by the tug, is likely to have forgotten the sight. To this, too, will be added the indefinable and mysterious charm of the sailors' chants, as they haul in the bowline, and tauten up the tacks and sheets by a pull, requiring union of effort; and the cadence, at once long-drawn and vigorous, fills the air with a magic voice of the wind and the sea. Every sea-captain knows, or used to know, how much more quickly the anchor came up, or how much more hearty were the pulls on the bowlines, if there were a full-lunged and melodious leader for the 'shanty'; and his practical-minded mate would at times shout, when the chorus was going faintly and mechanically, 'Sing out there, can't ye?' Conversely, a poor leader, or a second who could not or would not keep in proper time, was a decided injury to the effectiveness of the labour; and it sometimes happened that an energetic captain, when his ship was being got under way, would step up to a sailor, apparently heaving sturdily at the windlass, and knock him sprawling, for the reason that he had detected him giving the wrong time to the chant, out of mischief, or for the sake of testing the sharpness and intelligence of the 'old man.' The words of these windlass and bowline 'shanties' have, of course, little of the element of finished poetry about them. They are not songs, but chants, whose purpose is to give accentuation and force to the exertion of united strength rather than to the expression of

sentiment, and of which the rhythmical melody is the essential element. Whether they be new or old, they always have been essentially improvisations, capable of being stopped at any moment or added to indefinitely, and like the refrains of the old ballads, are dependent upon the sound rather than the sense of their effect."

## The Proposed Conservatoire of Music in Manchester.

**I**T will probably be within the memory of our readers that last December a committee was appointed to consider certain suggestions made by Sir Charles Halle. Any suggestions which emanate from so high an authority would at any time be received with respect not merely by Manchester, but by the wider world of music, in which Sir Charles Halle has so long held a foremost place. But the manner in which many of the leading men in Manchester, and the Manchester press in general, have received his proposals for the establishment of a Conservatoire of Music in that city leaves no room for doubt as to the opportuneness of the suggestions or the success of the scheme.

It has been pointed out that there are many reasons why such a scheme should be especially successful. The rapid development of educational institutions in Cottonopolis, its reputation as a musical centre, its ever-increasing interests of all kinds, the enthusiastic munificence of its benefactors—its "merchant princes"—united to the serious pursuit of knowledge of all kinds, which is so characteristic of Lancashire folks, these are matters of common repute. But much more may be urged, and on still wider grounds. If elementary education in every conceivable subject is to be our national birthright, then the necessity of a higher standard in further training requires no argument. And if this be true in general, it is especially true of the art which more than any other raises us out of and beyond ourselves and our common toils.

Sir Charles Halle's suggestions embraced the following subjects:—(a) The building of a new concert hall, with accommodation for a Conservatoire of Music; (b) the continuation of Sir Chas. Halle's Thursday concerts by a committee; (c) the establishment of a Conservatoire of Music.

The following is the report of the committee:—"Your committee have given careful and exhaustive attention to the question of the feasibility of raising funds adequate for building a new large Concert Hall of a character suitable for the purpose proposed. Your committee unanimously decided that an appeal to the public of Manchester to provide funds for a new concert hall could not be made successfully at present. It was therefore desirable to direct attention solely to the provision of a Conservatoire of Music, the establishment of which cannot but make it also less difficult to retain for Manchester the musical ability requisite for such high-class concerts as have been so long enjoyed. Your committee are unanimous in recommending that an effort be made to found a Conservatoire of Music in this city on the basis of the most successful establishments in this country and on the Continent. For the purposes of a Conservatoire premises can be secured at a moderate rental. In order to ensure thorough efficiency, a teaching staff of the highest order must be provided, for it is only in this way that the Manchester Conservatoire of Music can hope to attract pupils in number and quality necessary to attain permanent success. The cost of supplying an educational staff of this kind will necessitate the provision of an ample revenue. It is not to be anticipated that, even under the most favourable conditions, a new Conservatoire of Music can, at all events for some years, become self-supporting. In any case, while the expenses may be gauged with some degree of accuracy, any estimate of income must be uncertain. The committee deem it desirable that the funds necessary for the initial expenses, and to cover any yearly deficit, should be raised in the shape of a guarantee fund spread over five years. This mode appears more practicable than appealing for a capital sum. A carefully-prepared estimate of expenditure shows that the guarantee fund should not be less than £4,000 per annum. It is hoped that the advantages of the Manchester Conservatoire of Music will be utilised by pupils residing in the North

of England as well as in Manchester and its more immediate neighbourhood. The appeal for subscriptions to the guarantee fund ought, therefore, to be made over as wide an area as possible. In case sufficient financial support is obtained, the committee believe it would be possible to open the Conservatoire in October of this year. In conclusion, the committee would suggest the advisability of appointing a number of representative gentlemen to secure the necessary funds, which must be subscribed before the work can be initiated. They have also great pleasure in stating that they have the promise of the cordial co-operation of Sir Charles Halle in any efforts that may be made to establish a Conservatoire of Music as recommended by them."

The report was presented to an influential meeting on May 5th, and a committee appointed "to frame a constitution for a College of Music in Manchester, and to collect subscriptions to meet the cost of establishing and conducting such an institution."

## Notes from Leeds.

**T**HE Symphony Society, which has already become the leading amateur orchestral body in the town, gave its final concert on May 10th, when an excellent programme was given in a manner giving thorough, though, of course, at times, qualified pleasure to the goodly audience assembled in the Albert Hall. The first symphony of Beethoven occupied the place of honour, and it cannot be said that it was otherwise than enjoyably rendered, more especially as to the finale, which went with excellent effect and spirit. Gluck's overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" was another accepted item, and a very interesting piece was Svendsen's "Legende 'Zorahayda,'" a composition of difficulty for an amateur society, and showing very unmistakable Wagnerian tendencies. The remaining instrumental numbers consisted of the march from Gounod's "Irene," a melody by Ole Bull, arranged by Svendsen; the intermezzo from "Cavaleria Rusticana," and the Domino Noir overture. Miss Enid Grimshaw sang the romance from Gounod's "Faust," to the accompaniment of the band; and Mr. Gordon Heller gave Purcell's "Let the Dreadful Engines," and Schubert's "Aufenthalt." This gentleman has recently settled in Leeds, as a vocal instructor, and if it is fair to assume that he is able to teach others what he himself evidently understands, viz., the art of tone-production, there should be a future before him in a district where that department of vocal tuition is to a great extent neglected.

The Festival Choir again assembled in its entirety on May 14th, when Mr. Joseph Barnby very kindly conducted the rehearsal for his friend Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, it is to be hoped, will soon be able to attend to his own duties. Mr. Barnby appeared delighted with the quality of voices, as well as with the intelligence of the owners, after allowing liberally for the extravagant nature of his complimentary remarks.

## Foreign Notes.

**E**NGLISH musicians will not grudge Signor Luigi Mancinelli the success that seems to have been achieved in Hamburg by his opera "Isora di Provenza." As chief conductor of the Royal Italian Opera performances organised by Sir Augustus Harris, first at Drury Lane and then at Covent Garden, Signor Mancinelli's painstaking labours have been generally recognised. In 1887 his oratorio "Isais" was given at the Norwich Musical Festival, and some time after was brought to the Royal Albert Hall; and in 1890 his pleasing orchestral suite "Scenes Veneziane" was introduced to a Philharmonic audience.

Carvalho, the director of the Opera Comique, announces that he has engaged a seventeen year old young lady, Marie Danel, of whom he expects great things. Only three years ago she was a little kitchenmaid in a hotel at Meudon, where Carvalho chanced to hear her sing, and had her voice educated.



A charming one-act comedieta, by M. Hugues, says our Paris correspondent, will be produced shortly, founded upon the career of a café concert singer, and believed to refer to the famous Yvette Guilbert, whose end-of-the-century ballads are nightly encoored in theatres and private parties.

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The monument of Olivier Metra was unveiled on April the 28th, in the Cemetery of Bois le Roi, near Fontainebleau. A great number of musical celebrities were present, and several speeches were delivered.

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Madame Helen Hopkirk has been giving a series of concerts at Chicago, in association with the veteran violinist Remenyi.

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Information has been received of the decease at Milan, in his 80th year, of the most famous of Italian singing masters, the veteran Francesco Lamperti. He was the teacher of at least three now popular vocal professors, to wit, Madame La Grange, Madame Artot, and Mr. Shakespeare, while among his pupils were also Madame Albani, Signor Campanini, Miss Thursby, Mr. Thorndike, Miss Van Zandt, and (in his earlier days) Sophie Cruvelli, Sophie Lowe, Brambilla, Catherine Hayes, Peralta, Stoltz, Waldmann, and many others. Lamperti was born at Savona in 1813, and he inherited music from his mother, an Italian prima donna of some eminence, who retired from the operatic stage on her marriage to a lawyer. He studied music at the Milan Conservatory; but on leaving that school he put his ideas of voice culture to a practical test by taking a theatre at Lodi, and forming his opera company from the peasants of the district, whom he trained to become singers. The fame of his troupe spread far and wide; pupils flocked to him, and in 1850 he was induced to return to Milan as vocal chief of the Conservatory. There he remained until 1876, when he retired on a pension, but still taking private pupils, some hundreds of whom came from the United States. Signor Lamperti's second marriage was to an English lady. By his first wife was born his son Prof. G. B. Lamperti, of Dresden, the teacher of, among others, Madame Sembrich, Madame Hastreiter, and Miss Agnes Huntington.

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The Mendelssohn monument at Leipzig will be inaugurated on May 22nd, on which date there will be a special performance of the composer's "Athalie" in the Gewandhaus Hall.

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The "Strad," dated 1721, of the late Robert Heckmann, the eminent violinist, who died recently in Glasgow, is about to be sold at Mannheim. A fine Amati and a Guarnerius were likewise among the deceased musician's possessions.

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M. Bertrand, the new director of the Paris Opera, contemplates the stage production of Massenet's "Marie Magdeleine," a work of considerable merit, though too Gallic in feeling to meet with favour in this country, even in the concert-room.

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During his recent sojourn at Vienna, Rubinstein received a young lady pianist who had asked him for an audience. He listened to the lady with interest, and she, encouraged by his benevolent manner, asked him to inscribe an autograph on her fan. The master required no persuasion, and immediately wrote: "Jouer avec le piano n'est pas jouer du piano!"

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Mozart's watch, presented to the composer by the Empress Maria Theresa, has been deposited in the Mozarteum at Salzburg. It is old-fashioned, but the case is set with diamonds of considerable value, and it was formerly the property of Mr. Pfeffer, proprietor of a bathing establishment at Buda Pesth. Pfeffer died last January, bequeathing the watch to the Mozarteum, which already possesses another watch that belonged to the composer.

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At an old curiosity shop in Vienna someone recently found a valuable and most interesting portrait of Franz Schubert. It was painted in 1823 by the Viennese artist, A. Mansfield. A son of the latter, himself a painter, guarantees the genuineness of the picture, which is said to be one of striking resemblance, and which bears on its back the date and the words: "In remembrance."

Although Mr. Ernest Guiraud cannot be considered a great composer, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, yet some of his orchestral and other works were extremely popular in Paris, and his sudden death from heart disease on the 7th ult., at the Paris Conservatoire, is greatly deplored in the French capital. Mr. Guiraud had, it seems, only just left his class, and was talking to Mr. Rety in one of the secretary's rooms, when he placed his hand to his heart and fell down in a chair a corpse.

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The Guirauds can claim the distinction of being the only family which has twice carried off the Prix de Rome, in the persons of father and son. The elder Guiraud emigrated to New Orleans, where he became a teacher, and where his son Ernest was born in June, 1837. In New Orleans, in his fifteenth year, young Guiraud produced an opera, "King David," which was played by the French troupe there. Afterwards he returned to Paris, and then, through the influence of his uncle, Mr. Corizilles, first violin at the Paris Opera Comique, he became player of the kettle-drum at that establishment. He obtained lessons from Halévy, and in 1859 gained the Prix de Rome. On returning to Paris he produced a short opera, "Sylvie," at the Opera Comique, and afterwards composed many similar works, of which the best known is "Piccolino," which was given in English dress by the late Carl Rosa in 1899. Mr. Guiraud wrote seven operas, besides an orchestral suite, of which the finale, entitled "Carnival," is extremely popular in Paris; and a caprice for violin and orchestra, which Mr. Sarasate has very frequently played. Since 1876 he has been a Professor of Harmony, and since 1881 a Professor of higher composition at the Paris Conservatoire.

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English musicians will regret to hear that M. Ambroise Thomas, chief of the Paris Conservatoire, has been seriously ill. He was for some few weeks confined to his house, but although now occasionally able to take carriage exercise, he suffers greatly from insomnia, being indeed obliged to sleep in the daytime, as he lies awake all night. M. Thomas, who will be best known here as the composer of "Mignon" and "Hamlet," is now nearly 81. He was a native of Metz, and studied in 1828 at the Paris Conservatoire, of which he became chief on the death of Auber in 1871.

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From Leipzig we learn of the death, at considerably over 80 years of age, of Mendelssohn's biographer, Dr. Wilhelm Adolf Lampadius. The deceased was a wealthy amateur, who composed several excellent pianoforte pieces, and who, in his younger days, was a close and almost confidential friend not only of Mendelssohn but also of Robert Schumann. Soon after the death, in 1847, of the composer of "Elijah" Lampadius undertook to write his life, and, notwithstanding its brevity and other shortcomings, it is still the best biography of Mendelssohn that we possess. It is particularly interesting in regard to details of the composer's career as a conductor at Leipzig, to which Lampadius could, of course, bear personal testimony, and, indeed, until somebody does for Mendelssohn what Spitta has done for Bach, Jahn for Mozart, Niecks for Chopin, and Thayer for Beethoven, it is likely to be considered the standard work on its subject. An English edition by Mr. W. L. Gage, was published in 1876, and for the German edition, which was issued some years earlier, Lampadius was granted by the University of Leipzig the honorary degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

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M. Edouard Lalo, who died somewhat suddenly in Paris on Sunday night, April 24th, will best be remembered here by his "Symphonie Espagnole," for violin and orchestra, which Senor Sarasate has so often played at his concerts at St. James's Hall. Lalo, in fact, was originally a violinist, which instrument he studied at the Conservatoire of his native Lille before he went to Paris to take part as a viola player in the chamber quartet concerts founded by M. Armingaud. In 1867, when M. Lalo was 44 years of age, he entered a competition organized at the Theatre Lyrique, and although his opera "Fiesque" gained only the third place, it nevertheless brought the composer into prominence. His popularity was increased by the production of his "Symphonie Espagnole," by Sarasate, at the Concert National, Paris, in 1874. Four years later, after the first performance of his opera "Le Roi d'Ys," at the Paris Opera Comique, he received the Legion of Honour, and was accepted in the front rank of French musicians.

M. Lalo is said to have been born in 1830, but, according to the register discovered by M. Adolph Jullien, he is seven years older, his real birthday being January 27th, 1823. Lalo was looked upon as one of the most promising composers of the modern French school.

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Dr. Wilhelm Rust, the well-known editor of the music of Sebastian Bach and one of that master's successors as Cantor of the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, recently died at the age of 70. Dr. Rust was throughout his life an enthusiastic champion of Bach; and he might, indeed, fairly claim to have received the Bach traditions in unbroken succession from the composer's own day. His paternal great grandfather was a friend of Bach's at Leipzig, and his great-grand-uncle Karl played as an amateur violinist in Bach's orchestra. From Karl Rust, and also from Bach's sons, Friedemann and Emmanuel, Dr. Rust's grandfather, the celebrated composer Friedrich Wilhelm Rust (1739-1796), had lessons. F. W. Rust was the teacher of Dr. Rust's uncle (and Beethoven's friend) Wilhelm Carl Rust (1787-1855), who in his turn taught the eminent musician who has just died.

Apart from his work as a teacher, and in early life as an organist and pianist, Dr. Rust's labours were mainly associated with Bach's music. For twelve years he was conductor of Vierling's Bach Society at Berlin, producing there many of the cantatas for the first time since the composer's own day, and he edited for fourteen years the critical edition of Bach's music for the Leipzig Bach Gesellschaft. He was appointed Cantor of the Thomas Schule in 1879, two years after it had been removed from the old building where Bach taught to one of the suburbs of Leipzig.

## York Notes.

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ON Sunday, April 24th, there was held the grand military service which takes place in the Minster annually. On this occasion, however, there was an innovation in the form of bagpipes, which played a Highland Lament, in memory of the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale. The anthem—by Dr. Naylor—was also composed in memory of the late Duke, who was so familiar a figure at the Minster.

There were five bands taking part in the service, viz.: (1) 1st Royal Dragoons, (2) Royal Scots, (3) West Yorkshire Regiment, (4) Artillery Volunteers, (5) Rifle Volunteers; and some idea of the magnitude of the congregation may be gained from the fact that there were 1,500 soldiers and many more civilians in the nave.

The opening voluntary, performed by the united bands, was a selection from "Stabat Mater," and was followed by the processional hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." Dr. Naylor's new military anthem consists of four movements—(a) an introductory chorus, "Know ye not that there is a Prince and a great man fallen in Israel?" (b) a dirge for the military instruments, including a Highland "Lament" for bagpipes; (c) a chorus of comfort, "Make little weeping for the dead, for he is at rest;" (d) a chorus of exhortation and march, "Ye that are alive and remain" . . . "take unto you the whole armour of God" . . . "Be thou faithful unto death" . . . "O grave where is thy sting" . . . "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The Archbishop preached, and the service was altogether most impressive.

## Music in Portsmouth.

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THE summer season of musical events may be said to have now commenced, prominent among them being the Saturday and Monday concerts on the Clarence Pier. Mr. H. A. Storry has changed the locale of his concerts from the Portland Hall to the South Parade Pier, a great convenience for the inhabitants of this portion of Southsea.

The Portsmouth Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. W. E. Churcher, gave a successful concert at the Town Hall on Wednesday, April 27th, in aid of the Portsea Island Building Society, the Mayor and other local magnates being present.



## Fortcoming Events.

**T**HE Lincoln and Peterborough Festival will take place on June 15th, at Lincoln Cathedral. There will be a band and chorus of 560 performers under Mr. J. Yonge. The chief artistes will be Misses. A. Williams and Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Houghton, F. Davies, and Santley, and the programme will include the conductor's cantata "The Return of Israel to Palestine," Spohr's "Last Judgment," and "The Messiah."

M. Paderewski has definitely resolved to come to London this month, and he will probably give only one recital at St. James's Hall, on June 14th. Since the successes gained by this eminent pianist in the United States, his prices have gone up, and the charges for seats at the recital in question have been fixed by Mr. Daniel Mayer at respectively a guinea, 10s. 6d., 5s., and 1s. Mr. Mayer has, we learn, arranged for recitals by M. Louis Breitner, on June 13th and 23rd, and by Mlle de Veiga (a pupil of F. Godefrid, the celebrated teacher of the pianoforte and harp), on June 7th.

The performances of German opera will be inaugurated on Wednesday, June 8th, when "Siegfried" will be given. There are very many reasons for this arrangement; otherwise it would seem desirable that the four sections of the "Ring der Nibelungen" should be heard in their proper order.

Mr. F. H. Cowen will conduct Mr. Sinkins' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on June 9th, when a new violin concerto will be produced, and Grieg's concerto in A minor will be performed on the "Janko" keyboard piano.

Mlle Szumowska, who has already appeared at the Popular Concerts, will return to give a recital here on June 7th.

We are pleased to learn that Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley have been engaged for the performance of "Judas Macabæus" at the Crystal Palace on June 25th. For many years these four artistes constituted our finest oratorio quartet; but of late they have rarely been heard in combination.

Miss Angela Vanbrugh, a promising young violinist, and the youngest of a group of sisters who are all making their mark in artistic paths, proposes to give a concert at Princes' Hall during this month. She will have the assistance of Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr. Hollman, Mr. Barrington Foote, and others.

With regard to M. Bemberg's opera "Elaine," it is gratifying to note that Sir Augustus Harris has definitely decided to give the work in July. If Madame Melba and Mr. Jean de Reszke fill the principal roles, as now seems most probable, a production interesting in every point may be confidently anticipated.

We give the following list of concerts given under the arrangement of Mr. N. Vert, who is also arranging several provincial tours:—June 4th, St. James's Hall—Second Richter Concert, 3 p.m.; June 9th, Princes' Hall—Mr. and Mrs. Oudin's Third and Last Vocal Recital, 3 p.m.; June 11th, St. James's Hall—Sarasate Concerts. First Recital, with Piano, 3 p.m.; June 13th, St. James's Hall—Third Richter Concert, 8.30 p.m.; June 15th, Princes' Hall—Miss Muriel Elliott's Pianoforte Recital 3 p.m.; June 16th, Princes' Hall—Signor Buonamici's Pianoforte Recital, 3 p.m.; June 18th, St. James's Hall—Sarasate Concerts. Second Grand Orchestral Concert, 3 p.m.; June 20th, St. James's Hall—Fourth Richter Concert, 8.30 p.m.; June 22nd, Princes' Hall—Grand Concert in aid of St. Agnes' Orphanage, 3 p.m.; June 25th, St. James's Hall—Sarasate Concerts. Last Concert. Recital, with piano, 3 p.m.; June 27th, St. James's Hall—Fifth Richter Concert, 8.30 p.m.; July 4th, St. James's Hall—Sixth and last Richter Concert, 8.30 p.m.; July 6th, Princes' Hall—Mons. L'Amey's Evening Concert, 8 p.m.; October 10th, Royal Albert Hall—Messrs. Harrison's Grand Evening Concert with Madame Adelina Patti and Party, 8 p.m.

The next concert of the Bach Choir at Princes' Hall is fixed for late in the afternoon of Tuesday, May 31st. The programme will comprise "Palestrina's 'Assumpta est Maria,' Sweelinck's Psalms lxxv. and cxxiv., Brahms's motets 'Fest und Gedenkspruche,' and other unaccompanied choral works. Miss Lillian Griffiths will be the solo violinist.

Mlle. Cecile Chaminade, the distinguished French composer, will give a concert on the 23rd June at St. James's Hall, at which only her own compositions will be heard. Mlle. Chaminade is already well known to English audiences by her songs. She has also written two suites for orchestra, which have been played at the Colonne and Lamoureux concerts, and much chamber music.

## Music in Bristol.

**T**HE annual concert of the Bristol Madrigal Society, which was postponed on account of the national mourning, took place in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on the 28th of April, when a large and appreciative audience was present. Two composers who were represented on the programme were amongst the listeners—Sir George Elvey and Mr. Anger. Sir G. Elvey's "Song of the Zeland Fishermen" went very well, with the exception of a weak start, and was heartily encored. The same compliment was accorded to Mr. Anger's pleasing little madrigal "Bonnie Bell," now sung for the first time by the Society. The composer was formerly a pupil of Mr. Cedric Bucknall, organist of All-Saints' Church, Clifton, and the present work gained the gold medal and prize of £10 offered for competition by the London Madrigal Society in 1891. A word of special praise is due to the rendering of "Sir Patric Spens," "All is Still," and Mendelssohn's two works. Judging the performance as a whole, it was in many respects excellent, the tone of the voices good, and striking effects were often produced; but the balance was not quite adequate, the trebles wanting more strength, and the most noticeable fault was a lack of precision in starting, and of crispness in finishing. The phrasing was delicate, and the choir showed themselves responsive to the beat of their popular conductor, Mr. D. W. Rootham.

The annual "Ladies' Night" of the Bristol Society of Instrumentalists was given in the Colston Hall on the 4th ult., before a somewhat sparse audience. This Society was formed four years ago by Mr. George Riseley, and now claims to be the largest orchestral body in the kingdom, numbering, as it does, 160 performers, and consisting pretty equally of ladies and gentlemen. The instrumental works were selected from the compositions of both the older and modern masters, and embraced Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Cherubini's "Anacreon" Overture, Grieg's Suite, "Peer Gynt," the charming little Intermezzo from Mascagni's opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Schubert's Overture, "Rosamunde," and Santley's Cradle Song for orchestra, which, on a former occasion, was conducted by the composer. Special commendation is due to the intelligent and artistic performance of the Schubert Symphony, and, in fact, all the numbers were given in a very creditable manner. When the mixed character of the orchestra is considered, some being advanced players, while others are almost beginners, the results achieved speak exceedingly well for the careful study given to their work by the band, and for the skill and patience of their conductor. A brilliant feature of the evening was the performance of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D major, by Mr. T. Carrington, leader of the band. Miss Florence Bethell and Mr. Sutton Shepley were the vocalists, and Mr. Falford acted as accompanist. Considered musically, and with regard to the material in hand, the concert may be pronounced a decided success, and an encouraging augury for future achievements.

A very successful gathering was held in Bristol Cathedral on the 10th ult. in connection with the

Bristol Church Choral Union. Eighteen Churches were represented, and a total of 602 voices was reached, including the Cathedral choir. The anthem selected was Dr. Martin's "Magnify His Name," and at the conclusion of the sermon, which was preached by Dr. Pigou, Dean of Bristol, Sullivan's Te Deum in D was sung. The psalms were exceedingly well chanted, and great care had evidently been taken in preparing Dr. Garrett's Service in F, as well as the chosen hymns. A distinct improvement was observable in the singing compared with that of some former occasions, and the vast congregation testified to the interest taken in this Festival. The conductor for this year was Mr. John Barrett, organist of Christ Church, Clifton, and Mr. George Riseley presided at the organ, playing as a concluding voluntary Guilmant's "Marche Religieuse."

The last of the series of four Chamber Concerts given by Madame Florence Eyre and Signor Darmaro, was given at the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, on the 12th ult., when a moderate audience assembled. The other executants were Herr Duys (second violin), Mr. A. Wetten (viola), and Herr Van Gelder (violincello). The concert opened with Beethoven's string Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1, which was admirably played, and elicited cordial applause. Then followed a Sonata for piano and violin from the pen of a talented amateur resident amongst us, Mr. P. Napier Miles, who is now studying under Dr. Parry. The work is one of some interest, and shows musicianly skill and taste, and was well received, being excellently rendered by Signor and Signora Darmaro (Madame Eyre). Herr Van Gelder was recalled after his performance of some Hungarian dances of Fischer, as a 'cello solo; and the remaining item was Sgambati's Quintour in B flat, which was repeated at this concert by desire. It is an exceedingly clever and effective composition, though occasionally bordering upon extravagance. The performance of it was in all respects adequate, and brought to a close a most enjoyable concert. Should these gatherings be renewed next season, it is to be hoped that they will receive a larger support than has so far been accorded to them.

Organ recitals have been given by Mr. George Riseley in Colston Hall from time to time.

The concert of the Bristol Choral Society given on the 18th ult. will be noticed in next month's letter.

## Centenary of the Marseillaise.

"La Marseillaise"—the most stirring tune known to the world—recently accomplished its hundredth year of existence. Its mission was in a measure indicated by the peculiar circumstances attending its birth. Rouget de l'Isle had done nothing to warrant selection for the task he was to fulfil. He was simply a young officer at Straßburg, who, dabbled in music, had composed a Hymn to Liberty. Of course, sympathy for the labour was innate, but had he not been present at the mayor's banquet to the body of volunteers dubbed "Les Enfants de la Patrie" it is hardly likely the "Marseillaise" would have fallen from his pen.

It was while still deeply moved by the patriotic speeches he had heard that with the assistance of a violin the piece was evolved that was to carry his name down to posterity, not in his profession as a soldier, but as a musical poet. The work receiving commendation from all quarters, "La Marseillaise" was adopted as the war song of the army of the Rhine. On the lips of every patriot, sung as with one voice—full, rich, and clear—by the troops of volunteers as they marched from Marseilles to Paris, it acquired the title by which it is so familiar.

"God Save the Queen" is more massive and dignified, but no national anthem equals the "Marseillaise" in the peculiar fascination that carries men away almost in spite of themselves. For Frenchmen it has strong and widely divergent associations—some sad, some glorious. But, though recalling defeat as well as victory, it can never be other than loved, because it breathes, in music as in words, noble aspirations of equality, independence, and justice united with stern resolve.



## Leicester Musical Notes.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THE members of the Leicester Amateur Dramatic Club gave a six nights' performance of Lecocq's comic opera "Madame Angot," at the Royal Opera House, commencing on Monday evening, May 2nd, in aid of the Town Charities. To be brief, the production was an immense success, the house being crowded to excess nightly with the *élite* of the town. The chorus of 120 and principals rendered their allotted parts with infinite skill and excellence, putting to the blush many so-called professional artists touring the provinces in comic opera. The principal characters were—Mme. Lange, Miss Helen Pierpoint, R.A.M.; Clairette, Mrs. F. G. Pierpoint; Larivandeur, Mr. James M'Robbie; Pomponnet, Mr. C. E. Birch; Ange Pitou, Mr. A. Page; Louchard, Mr. F. G. Pierpoint (stage manager); Amarante, Miss F. Barton; Trenitz, Mr. Frank Brown. Mr. John Gregory efficiently conducted.

ON May 5th the St. Mary's Choral Society, Hinckley, drew a good audience to hear the sacred cantata, "The Ruler's Daughter" (Cymson).

AN enjoyable concert was given at Foxton, on May 6th, in aid of the restoration fund. Miss Alice Watson, Miss Costin, Miss Braga, the Misses Smith and Binley, and others took part.

THE Lutterworth Musical Society, under the leadership of Mr. Adkins, gave their final (of the season) concert at the Town Hall, May 6th. An attractive programme was provided.

THE Delawares from Stoney Stoney gave a concert at Earl Shilton, on May 7th, in aid of the Literary Institute. The entertainment was well rendered, and much appreciated.

THE Leicestershire County Cricket Club scored a brilliant success with their concert, under the presidency of Sir Archdale Palmer, Bart., at the County Assembly Rooms, on May 9th, the concert proving a far greater success than its most sanguine supporters dreamed of. The array of talent was varied and powerful.

THE members of the Leicester Amateur Vocal Society invited their friends to the Temperance Hall on Tuesday evening, May 10th, and treated their guests to a musical treat, which was much enjoyed by all. The programme included a cantata, part-songs, choruses, and madrigals. Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O., conducted.

THE Leicester Orchestral Union gave another of their delightful invitation high-class concerts at the Temperance Hall on Wednesday evening, May 11th. Conductor, Mr. H. B. Ellis, F.C.O.; president, Mr. T. Carter, LL.B.; hon. sec., Mr. T. H. Fosbroke. The programme was carried out in its entirety:—

### PART I.

Overture, "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," Mendelssohn.  
Song, "Una Voce" ("Il Barbiere"), Rossini.  
Miss Helen Saunders.  
Symphony in C minor, No. 5, Op. 67, Beethoven.  
Allegro con brio, C minor.  
Andante con moto, A flat.  
Allegro (scherzo), C minor (with Trio in C major).  
Allegro (Finale), C major.

### PART II.

Pianoforte and Orchestra, "Concert-stück," Weber.  
Piano, Miss Ethelwyn H. Ellis, L.K.A.M.  
Song, "O that we two were Maying," Gounod.  
Miss Helen Saunders.

Violoncello Obligato, Mr. Owen.  
Violin Solo, "Concert-stück" (Op. 48 bis Hans Sitt), Mr. F. Ward.  
Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni.  
Antras Tanz, from "Peer Gynt" Suite, Grieg.  
Ballet Music from "William Tell," Rossini.  
Song, "Robin Adair," Scott.  
Miss Helen Saunders.  
Overture, "Mireille," Gounod.

### PRESENTATION TO MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL.

—On Thursday afternoon, May 12th, a large company assembled in the Council Chamber, Town Hall, to witness the presentation of a magnificent service of silver, and an illuminated address to Mr. J. Herbert Marshall. His Worship the Mayor (Alderman T. Wright) presided. The testimonial consisted of a silver centre-piece (for use both as candelabrum and epergne) in the Renaissance style, with figures representing music and art, and two side pieces to match, with beautifully modelled figures of boys playing various musical instruments. The weight of this set is 334½ ounces. The centre-piece bore the following inscription:—"This centre-piece and its accompaniments were presented to Councillor J. Herbert Marshall, in public recognition of his valuable services in promoting high-class music in Leicester. Leicester, 12th May 1892." In addition to the above was given an oval silver tray, 28 inches in length, with richly engraved border and centre, accompanied by a massive solid silver tea and coffee service, weighing in all 226 ounces. The tray bore a similar inscription to the other. The address, enclosed in a gold frame, was accompanied by a book handsomely bound in red morocco, containing the names of the subscribers (300 in all). The Mayor made an eulogistic speech in the formal presentation of the testimonial. Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, who was enthusiastically received on rising to respond, suitably acknowledged the gift, with the further assurance that the promotion of high-class music would be his great object in view, and that he would use his best endeavours to further gain their good opinion.

## Music in Exeter.

THE Festival—the fifteenth—of the Western Counties Musical Association was, if not absolutely the most successful, at any rate one of the most pronounced successes in the history of the Association. Indeed, there was very little room for criticism, but plenty of scope for praise. The work selected for the morning concert was Mendelssohn's fine oratorio "St. Paul," which has not been given by the Association since its selection some ten or eleven years since. In the interval, however, the Association has made vast strides both in numbers and efficiency, and to those who remember the earlier performance of the work the Festival under notice afforded a capital opportunity of judging of the improvement which had taken place. This was most gratifying, and provided striking evidence of the work of the Association educationally. In the evening the concert consisted of Gade's "Erl King's Daughter," and a miscellaneous selection. The Danish composer's work was new to the Exeter public, but as most of his other writings are familiar to them, high expectations were formed as to the "Erl King's Daughter." These were fully realised by the fine performance given. Indeed, it may be said that the performance of both the oratorio and the cantata was the finest given of the works in the West of England.

The soloists selected were Miss Mina Rees and Miss Amy Sargent, soprani; Miss Mary Hutton and Miss Lucie Johnstone, contralti—forming the "Queen Quartette"; Mr. Braxton Smith, tenor; and Mr. John Bridson, baritone. These gave unequalled satisfaction; Mr. Smith's rendering of the lovely aria, "Be thou faithful unto death," was one of the special features of the afternoon. The chorus and band numbered together about 400, drawn from the branches in the different towns. The amateur portion of the orchestra was added to by professional principals

from Birmingham, Bath, London, Exeter, Bristol, Torquay, Plymouth, Newton-Abbot, and Exmouth. The leader was Mr. John Parfew; the organist and accompanist, Mr. E. M. Vinnicombe, L.R.A.M.; the conductor, Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac., F.C.O.

A crowded audience, as usual, assembled at the Spring Concert of the Orchestral Society. This Society, as I have previously remarked in these columns, seems hardly conscious of its own ability, and the result has been that the programmes have been somewhat of a commonplace character. At length, however, with increased confidence in its merits, it has become bolder and made a new departure, its last programme being of a much more ambitious nature. Among the numbers were the overture to Cherubini's "Anacreon"; the "Angelus" from the "Suite d'Orchestre," Massenet; the "Water Music," from Sullivan's incidental music to Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.*; the pizzicato, "Fairyland," J. F. Barnett; and the intermezzo in "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni. Miss S. Wheaton, of London, late of the Royal Academy of Music, sang Mozart's "L'Addio" and Sullivan's "Willow Song" in an excellent manner, her rich contralto voice being much admired. Dr. H. J. Edwards (Barnstaple) gave a very fine rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, and was enthusiastically received. Mr. R. B. Moore, Mus. Bac., F.C.O., displayed his customary skill as conductor, and the concert was a very enjoyable one.

We were last week favoured with a visit from Mr. Valentine Smith's Grand English Opera Company, who produced several standard works. The principal feature in connection with the visit was the welcoming to her native city of Miss Laura Lyon, daughter of Mr. G. W. Lyon, the well-known organist of the Church of the Sacred Heart, and conductor of the Exeter Oratoria Society. This young lady, as I stated several months since, has entered into an engagement with Mr. Smith for three years as prima donna, and the fact is felt to do no little honour to the city. The theatre was filled nightly to welcome her, and she was the recipient of several choice bouquets. Her excellent singing and charming impersonation of the different characters made a most favourable impression, and a successful career is prophesied for her.

Our public bands—the 1st R.V. and City Public Band and the Post-Office Band—have commenced playing in public for the season. Each performance is attended by large crowds, who express their pleasure at the progress made during the winter, evidencing careful practice.

Much interest is felt in a concert to be given next week by the Oratorio Society, when they will produce for the first time in Exeter Dr. Lloyd's dramatic cantata, "Hero and Leander." The soloists are Miss Sara Bernstein, medallist, Royal Academy, and Mr. C. Ackerman, solo bass, Westminster Abbey. Mr. J. Pomeroy, Bristol, will be the cellist; Mr. G. W. Lyon will conduct. The concert will be given under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., who will be in the city at that time. Notice of this event must be left for another time.

D. C.

## Prizes for Musical Composition.

Messrs. Methven, Simpson, & Co., of Edinburgh, are doing their best to encourage native art. One of the means they are taking is to offer prizes for musical compositions. They offer for the best cantata, sacred or secular, £100; for the best set of twelve two-part songs, £25; for the best drawing-room song, £10; for the best set of waltzes, £10. This is surely giving a very good opportunity to young British composers, of which they will not fail to avail themselves. We trust that Messrs. Methven, Simpson's efforts may be crowned with the success they deserve.



## Welsh Memo. and Musings.

MUSICAL AND EISTEDDFOD.

BY "IDRIS MAENGWYN."

THE CARDIFF MUSICAL FESTIVAL COMMITTEE  
AND MR. BEN. DAVIES.

**D**RAMATIC and literary men have, within the past few days, resounded with indignant observations anent an unexpected outburst of Calvinistic bigotry against one of the most brilliant sons of song Wales has produced.

It seems that among the artists engaged to sing at the meeting in September next is Mr. Ben. Davies, who enjoys a prominent position as one of the chief British tenors, having sung with so much success in oratorio, opera, and in our concert-rooms.

It so happens that Mr. Davies has accepted another engagement at Cardiff; Mr. Haydn Parry (son of Dr. Joseph Parry), a Welsh composer popular in the Principality, and who is well known as an esteemed professor at the Guildhall School of Music, etc., has written a comic opera entitled "Cigarette." This work was to be produced at Cardiff some six weeks before the Festival, and Mr. Davies had arranged to take the principal part, which had been written expressly for him, and to suit his voice. In honour of this fact, and of the nationality of the composer, it was decided to produce the opera first at Cardiff, the metropolis of Wales. On hearing that Mr. Davies was to appear in opera, the Festival Committee passed a resolution to cancel his engagement for their concerts if he appeared on the boards of the Cardiff Theatre. There has been considerable feeling about this matter in the Principality; the Welsh papers are naturally very indignant over the slight put upon a Welsh composer, who has written an opera to be produced in Wales, and in which a prominent Welsh singer is to appear. The London representative of the *Western Mail* had an interview with Mr. Davies at his house in St. John's Wood, and I extract the following from the report of the conversation. Asked as to whether he had been officially told he would not be allowed to sing at the Festival if he previously appeared at the theatre, Mr. Davies said—

"The Committee have written to me stating that if I fulfil my engagement at the Theatre Royal they will be unable to accept my services for the Festival. I need scarcely tell you how sorry I am, but, of course, when the Committee put it in the way they do, I have no alternative. Sing at the theatre I cannot. My chief regret, of course, is for Mr. Haydn Parry, who is wrapped up in the work. His opera is certainly the most charming I have seen for some time. I believe commercial reasons actuate the Committee; they intend 'bidding' the town extensively; and, as the opera is to be produced before the Festival, the Committee think that the theatre will obtain the benefit of their advertising. They have no objection to my appearing in the opera if its production can be delayed until after the Festival."

I believe Mr. Ben. Davies's statement represents just what has occurred.

What a narrow view of their duties the Committee have taken, and shown such a want of consideration towards the real musical interests of the Welsh capital!

They have acted very foolishly indeed. And I sincerely hope that Mr. Haydn Parry will see his way to delay the production until after the Festival. It will be to his benefit if he can do so.

### THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

The Music Committee have selected the following artists to sing at the Rhyl Eisteddfod:—For the new oratorio by Dr. J. Parry, "Saul of Tarsus," Mr. Ffrangcon Davies will "create" the title-role, the

other principals being Mr. Ben. Davies, our eminent tenor, and Miss Maggie Davies, A.R.C.M., a young soprano with a brilliant voice, who has taken a front rank amongst the sopranos of the day. For the "Elijah," Miss Macintyre (primo soprano, Royal English Opera), Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Maldwyn Humphreys, A.R.A.M., and Mr. Lucas Williams. At the morning meetings and the other concerts the following will sing:—Mr. Norman Salmond (of the Royal English Opera); Mr. David Hughes, a very successful young Welsh baritone; Mr. Gordon Fletcher, M.B., the new English tenor; Mr. William Evans, a pupil of Mr. Sims Reeves; Miss Gertrude Hughes, R.A.M.; Miss Mary Thomas, R.A.M.; Miss Pattie Hughes, R.C.M.; Miss Olive Gray, and Eos Dâr as Pavilion singer. The principals engaged in the "Elijah" and "Saul of Tarsus" will also appear at the miscellaneous concerts. The selection is undoubtedly an excellent one. Miss Macintyre, Mr. Ben. Davies, Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, and Mr. Norman Salmond all sang at the Royal English Opera House, and we are exceedingly pleased to announce that Mr. Ffrangcon Davies has been engaged by Sir Augustus Harris for the Italian Opera at Covent Garden Theatre this season. I believe he is the first Welshman who ever sang in Italian Opera at Covent Garden; he also had immense success at the last concert in the Crystal Palace, obtaining a "double encore." Whilst engaging eminent vocalists, the Committee have wisely kept in view the aim of the Eisteddfod to encourage young talent by selecting a number of the most promising and prominent singers.

### THE GREAT MASTERS' WORKS.

In the former part of last month the Portmadoc Choral Society gave their annual concert in the Town Hall. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" occupied the first portion of the programme, whilst the second part consisted of a miscellaneous selection. The artists engaged for the performance were Miss Maggie Davies, A.R.C.M., of Crystal Palace renown, and Mr. William Evans, R.A.M. The orchestra was supplemented by several first-class players from Liverpool, and the performance was conducted by Mr. W. T. David. The greatest credit is due to the choir and the orchestra for the excellent manner in which they rendered the "Hymn of Praise." The symphony with which the oratorio commences was very well played by the orchestra, the time and tune alike being good, whilst a considerable amount of expression was given to the music. In some parts of the choruses the bass voices were apt to sing too loudly, and the sopranos were not as strong as they might have been, but, taken on the whole, the singing was remarkably good. The chorale, "Let all men praise," was perhaps better sung than anything else, the voices being excellently balanced throughout, and the time perfect. The solo parts were beautifully rendered by Miss Maggie Davies and Mr. W. Evans, their duet, "My song shall be always," evidently having a great effect on the audience, as an encore was demanded at the finish, though this request was not granted.

A week or two ago, Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was performed at Aberystwyth by the University College of Wales Musical Society. Mr. David Jenkins, Mus. Bac. (Cantab), conducted with his usual skill. The performances of Miss Kate Thomas, R.A.M., Miss Esther Jenkins, and Mr. Lucas Williams were very highly appreciated by the immense audience. All present followed the music throughout with interested attention, and at the close of the performance accorded the conductor and Society a round of hearty applause.

### NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD, 1893, AT PONTYPRIDD.

The musical adjudicators, I learn, are Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. George Riseley, Bristol; Mr. Franz Groenings as band adjudicator; Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwalia), harpist to the Queen; and two other Welshmen not yet selected.

### MONS. RIVIÈRE'S BAND AT LLANDUDNO.

The early season band, under Mr. Verdi Fawcett's able leadership, has been most successful in its performances. Mr. Walton in his famous "cello

solos, Mr. W. R. Moore with his excellent solos on the pianoforte, and Mr. E. S. Redfern with his charming flute and piccolo solos, have, during the period, earned the encomiums of all who have been privileged to be present. Night after night the *tout ensemble* of the band has been exhibited in concerted pieces of all descriptions, including grand operatic selections, marches, overtures, and gavottes, etc.

### MR. DAVID J. THOMAS' EVENING CONCERT.

A few evenings since, at Steinway Hall, London, Mr. D. J. Thomas (the talented organist of Hanover Church, Regent Street) gave a grand evening concert. No one is more fully justified in expressing his loyalty to his own country from a musical point of view than Mr. Thomas, who not only conducts the Welsh services at All-Saints', Margaret Street, but presides at the organ in the Welsh National services held annually on St. David's Eve at St. Paul's Cathedral, a note of which I inadvertently left out in my report of the last National service.

The vocal artists were Welsh, almost without exception, as follows:—Miss Eleanor Jenkins, Miss Hannah Jones, and Mr. Dyved Lewys, also Mr. Barry Lindon, Mr. Walter Fox, who played on the pianoforte with excellent taste and finish, and Mr. Frederic Griffiths, who performed on his favourite instrument, the flute, in a facile and faultless manner. Miss Miriam Barnett also successfully performed on the violin. A conspicuous feature of the evening was the exquisite singing of a select Welsh choir of about thirty-four in number, under the leadership of Mr. Thomas. They were encored, both for "O hush thee, my babe," and "Yr Hâf." This latter part-song met with such a reception that they had to repeat the whole of it. I may add that Mr. Thomas has been strongly urged to keep this select choir together, and so make it a standing institution. The concert was under the distinguished patronage of the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and was a complete success; the hall was full to its utmost, and the audience fully appreciated what had been provided for them. Every artist was encored in both parts, and all went through their different parts perfectly successfully.

### MR. FREDERIC GRIFFITHS' RECITAL.

Mr. Frederic Griffiths, the eminent young flautist, who has attained such a distinguished position in the metropolis and the provinces, as an accomplished player on the flute, on the 10th of last month gave a recital at the Steinway Hall, assisted by Miss Hannah Jones, Mr. Arthur Oswald, and Mr. Septimus Webbe. Naturally the most important place in the programme was accorded to the concert-giver's favourite instrument. He was very successful in a "Suite for the Flute," expressly composed for him by his friend, Mr. Edward German, the young Welsh composer, whose incidental music to *Henry the Eighth* and other productions at the Lyceum Theatre have gained him a high reputation. The suite consisted of a Valse Gracieuse, a Souvenir, and a Gipsy Dance. He was accompanied on the pianoforte by the composer, and the performance was a treat of the highest order. He was enthusiastically encored, and in response, he repeated the last movement. His other performances included a suite by Mr. Benjamin Godard, the eminent French composer; and a Saltarello by Mr. Edward German, etc. Miss Hannah Jones sang "Winds in the Trees" (Goring Thomas), and "Go, lovely rose" (Maude Valerie White). Mr. Arthur L. Oswald sang "Berceuse" (Godard) and "Regret," and was accompanied in the latter by the composer, Mr. J. Haydn Parry, another successful young Welsh composer. Mr. Septimus Webbe delighted the vast audience by his exquisite performance on the pianoforte. The concert was a thorough success. May the young flautist adopt "Excelsior" as his motto!

THE portrait of Mr. Joseph Barnby, which appeared in our April issue, was reproduced from a photograph by Messrs. Russell & Sons of Wimbledon.



## Musical Tales.

By K. STANWAY.

[There was an error in the last story, "The Town of Intervallia." Competitors this month to point it out, and rectify it.—Ed.]

## No. X.—THE PRODIGAL CLEF (1).

THERE was once a respectable couple, who lived in curious rooms called Staves (2), divided into five stories or lines. They had one child, of whom they were fond, and who formed a great bond of union between them; but he was also a source of great anxiety, because while they were of a quiet, home-loving turn of mind, the son was of a roving disposition, thus causing his parents much uneasiness. The name of these worthy people was "Clef"—Mr. Bass (3) and Mrs. Treble (4),—and the son's name was C (5). He was not a badly disposed boy, but had an insatiable desire for change, and this tendency was just what his parents were unable to understand. They were content to remain always in the same position, namely, Mr. F Bass Clef (6), on the fourth line of his staff (as his room was called), except quite occasionally when he moved to the third, and Mrs. G Treble, on the second line of hers. Their son's proper place was on a line of his own between them, but he made acquaintance with a good many people who led him away from this hum-drum life. Mr. and Mrs. Clef thought deeply over the matter, and consulted their tried friends the Signatures (7), Timé and Key, and by their advice consented to allow the restless youth a year's liberty, hoping after that time he would be more contented at home; they stipulated, however, that he should not return until the year was ended. The young man was delighted with the idea, and after being provided with a good outfit, a liberal allowance of money, and much good advice (most of which last I grieve to say he forgot as soon as he heard it), he set off one bright spring morning to seek his fortune, and resolved to remember that in spite of his past vagaries his name was C. This one fact he determined never to lose sight of, for he could not forget the earnest expression in his mother's tearful eyes as she bade him good-bye, and urged him not to disgrace his name or the good stock from whence he sprang. The personal appearance of young C Clef is worthy of a moment's description. He was a square-faced, good-humoured looking lad, but on occasions he assumed a rather "cranky" expression, which was not at all becoming. Wandering along the sunny highway, he felt much pleased with his surroundings and most of all with himself, for he was a little inclined to be conceited, and his newly-acquired freedom and handsome outfit did not tend to lessen the propensity. Presently he met a beautiful young lady, who was singing as sweetly as the birds around her. He paused to listen as her voice rose higher and higher, until it seemed to join the lark's song in the sky. Her melody ended, she saw and spoke to C Clef.

"Oh, you have come at last, have you? I am so glad; we have been wanting to see you so much; don't you know me?"

"No, Madam; pray what is your name?"

"I am Pure Soprano (8), and my sister Mezzo is close by. Shall we sing you a duet?"

"I shall be so much obliged if you will. Is her voice as lovely as yours?"

"That is for others to say—it is not quite so high. Listen—here she comes."

Another voice was heard through the morning stillness, and soon Mezzo-Soprano (9) joined them. She was very pretty, but more commonplace than her sister, who was so charming that young C fell desperately in love with her, and when the two voices were mingled in a duet he could hear how much stronger and clearer was Pure Soprano's voice than her sister's. After the music was over Mezzo again wandered away, and did not return for some time; but Pure Soprano invited young Clef into their rose-embowered cottage at the foot of a beautifully wooded hill, where he spent the day with the

two ladies; and on bidding them adieu, begged to be allowed to meet them again on the morrow. C Clef easily found accommodation for the night, near by, and rose betimes next morning to meet his fair friends. Pure Soprano appeared even more bewitching than on the previous day, and he was so enamoured that he at once asked her to be his bride. She sighed, and answered—

"Ah, I should only be too happy, but you would never be content to stay with me if you had only seen my rich cousin, who has long wished to meet you. When you have made her acquaintance you will cease to think of me."

C Clef protested that no one could alienate his affections from herself; yet he contrived to ask in an apparently careless manner—

"Is your cousin as beautiful as she is rich?"

"She is superb. I will take you to see her; she lives a little way up the hill yonder."

Pure Soprano was too proud to show that she felt nervous about the matter, but she was really very much afraid that her lover's constancy would not stand the test to which it was about to be subjected. They all went out together, and stopped a little way up the hill at a large house, where they were received by a dark, handsome lady, splendidly attired. Deep Contralto (10) was the name of this new beauty, who seemed to make the two fair Sopranos look quite pale beside her own radiant charms. Alas! for our hero's vows of constancy, he fell a victim at once to this new attraction, and had only eyes and ears for her face and voice, which latter was as magnificent as herself. She invited them all to an impromptu dance that evening, which they much enjoyed, and at which C Clef met some very grand people indeed, who made him more than ever inclined to think a good deal of himself; for I am sorry to say that the kindness of his friends, the Soprano sisters, and the readiness with which their cousin received his attentions, fostered his natural vanity to a great extent. Among the guests was a gentleman of good appearance, possessing a remarkably fine voice, named Mr. Tenor (11), who struck up an acquaintance with C Clef, and asked him to spend a few days with him at his house still higher up the hill. His invitation was accepted with great alacrity; and during his stay there, C Clef received such dazzling offers from his host, that Miss Contralto and her fortune were quite forgotten. Mr. Tenor said he could raise C Clef to a higher position than he had ever dreamed of, and asserted that it was a great shame that a spirited fellow like he was should spend his days in the wretched state he had hitherto been compelled to do. C Clef's head was quite turned by the interest that was everywhere manifested in him, and the great desire every one showed to keep him with them. This adulation had a very bad effect on his character, and from being merely a foolish youth with a desire for change, he became so wild in his conduct that soon he was tabooed from all good society; even the people who had at first made so much of him in time got tired of his arrogance and infidelity, and he at length found himself quite destitute of money and friends, for he rapidly squandered the large sum his parents had given him, and at the end of three months would have been only too glad to return to his home; but as the condition on which he left was that he should stay away a year, he dared not return until that time had expired. He suffered many privations, and learned some bitter lessons in the school of adversity, and amongst others, this, that all the fancied rises he had made had no real effect upon his position; for his name being C, he gave this name to any one with whom he took up his abode, thus drawing them down to his level, instead of, as he fondly imagined, being himself raised to theirs.

Mr. Tenor occasionally gave him a night's lodging, but the lady friends (the Sopranos and Miss Contralto) were so indignant that they would scarcely acknowledge his existence, and when his period of exile was over, he thankfully returned to his appointed place in his parents' house, a sadder and wiser Clef. Mr. Bass and Mrs. Treble Clef were delighted to see their son once more, and freely forgave his misdoings, and ever after he proved a great comfort to them, so that they never again experienced the slightest anxiety on his account.

## PRIZE COMPETITION.\*

A Prize of 5s. is offered for the best answers from a competitor under twenty-one years of age.

Prizes of 3s. 6d. and 2s. are offered for the best answers from competitors under eighteen years of age.

## QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED ON "THE PRODIGAL CLEF."

## I. Clef.

What is a clef, and what is its use?

## II. Staves.

What are staves, and what are their uses?

## III. Bass.

By what other name is the bass clef known, and why is it so called? Is the bass clef ever placed on any other than the fourth line, and if so, what is it then called?

## IV. Treble Clef.

Is the treble clef called by any other name, and if so, what is it?

## V. C Clef.

What other clef is there besides the bass and treble, and how is it written?

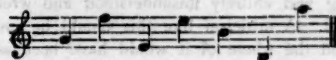
What note is indicated by the use of this clef?

Make a table showing its relation to the other clefs.

Is this clef movable, and if so, how many ways can it be moved, and what are the names of each new change?

Is the pitch of notes affected by this change of position?

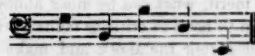
Write the following notes on all the clefs at the same pitch, naming each:—



## VI. Baritone Clef.

Show how the bass clef may become baritone.

Write the following notes on the baritone clef at the same pitch:—



## VII. Signatures.

How many kinds of signatures are there?

Give examples of each.

## VIII. Pure Soprano.

What sort of voice is this? Name three great singers having this voice.

## IX. Mezzo-Soprano.

What kind of voice is this? Name three singers having this voice.

## X. Deep Contralto or Alto.

What kind of voice is this? Name three great English contralto singers.

## XI. Tenor.

What is the usual compass of a tenor voice, and between what other two kinds of voice does its register occur? Name three great living tenors.

## XII. Bass.

Is this the lowest-pitched voice of all? What voice is between tenor and bass? Name three great singers of each kind, and say if they are operatic or oratorio artists, or both.

## CONDITIONS.

1. The foregoing questions to be answered as clearly as possible, each to be numbered in proper order.
2. The competition papers must be sent on or before Monday, June 20, to Competition Editor, Magazine of Music Office, 29 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.
3. The answers must be written legibly on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied by a certificate, as follows, from the teacher or parent of candidate.

\* The Magazine of Music Pictorial Pianoforte Tutor, price 5s., and Davenport's Elements of Music, are the textbooks that should be used by competitors.



4. Answers must not be copied from a book, but must be written from memory only, and postage must be *fully* paid.

#### CERTIFICATE.

"I certify that this paper is the sole work of and was done in my presence from memory, and without the aid of any notes or book of any sort, by [competitor's full name here to be inserted], and that his or her age is correctly stated."

Names of successful candidates will appear in our August Number.

N.B.—Competitors in Class II. may do so under the age of eighteen, not sixteen, as formerly.

## Correspondence.

(To the Editor of the "Magazine of Music.")

METRONOME WORKS, CLECKHEATON,  
April 27th, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—We take the liberty of calling your attention to the remarks of Mr. Randegger on the performance of one of his own compositions at the Stratford Musical Festival, as reported in the *Musical Standard* for April 23, from which we extract the following:—"Every one of the singers took the song about twice as slow as it ought to be. The singing became to him most tedious; the sense of the words was entirely spoiled by the rate at which it was sung, and the spirit of the song was not conveyed at all. Altogether, the song was entirely misunderstood and wrongly expressed. A criticism like this should be impossible, and the whole of it would have been saved by the use at practice of one of the simple contrivances known as Pinfold's Metronome, 'peculiarly adapted to vocalists by its noiselessness.' Within the reach of each performer who attempts so much in the art as would be expected of him in a competition of this order of merit, what can be more annoying to a composer than to have to criticise faults of time?"

Would you accept the above and make use of it in some way that suggests itself to you in your forthcoming issue. One object we have with our metronome is to enable competitors to avoid a criticism like the above. We feel nothing we can add to the report will be needed to demonstrate to you the advantage and possibility of avoiding a similar criticism being passed on any of your readers.—We remain, yours truly,

A. & G. PINFOLD.

## Postal Reforms.

ANY magazines have a long-standing grievance on the above subject. Last June a very influential and numerous deputation of newspaper proprietors and managers, representing nearly every branch of the Provincial Press, waited on the late Postmaster-General to bring the subject of these much-needed reforms under his notice. Mr. Raikes expressed himself in sympathy with the matter, and promised to give it further consideration. His death unfortunately prevented that, and his successor has hitherto shown no indication of following up the subject.

It is proposed to petition Sir James Fergusson for the most urgently needed reforms, which are as follows:—

1. The abolition of the press censorship by the Post Office as to what constitutes "news."
2. The abolition of all restrictions as to the quantity of advertisements given in a newspaper.
3. The extension of the time between the date of publication which is required to entitle a news-item to be "registered," and thus to go through the post at the halfpenny rate.

With regard to advertisements, there is an absurd rule in force which allows papers published before 1855 to give as many advertisements as they like, but restricts the quantity in those published after that date!

As to the third proposed reform, it was felt that it would be a great advantage to the public to admit to the newspaper rate a variety of periodicals which are published at longer intervals than seven days, which is now the limit of time.

We understand that this petition has been signed by the editors of most of the leading periodicals, and we sincerely hope that these much-needed reforms may speedily be accomplished. They must come sooner or later, but preferably sooner. There are several other postal reforms which are needed in the interests of the public, but these concern us most intimately, and are felt to be more presently needed. Having gained these, we shall, like Oliver, ask for "more."

## Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the *Magazine of Music* by Messrs. Rayner & Co., patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

- 6,450. Improvements in flue-pipes for organs. Percy Gordon Eckersley Daniel, 14 Victoria Street, Westminster. April 4th.
- 6,590. An improved form of metronome. John Treadway Hanson, 54 Gloucester Crescent, Regent's Park, London. April 6th.
- 6,708. Improvements in sounding or reed boards, and the application of reeds to the same, in organs and similar musical instruments. William Henry Taplin, 21 St. James' Street, Islington, London. April 7th.
- 6,754. Improvements in cases for musical instruments, such as violins, violas, guitars, banjos, mandolines, etc. April 8th.
- 6,788. Improved valve for musical instruments. William Henry Mankey and Orville Daniel Eastman, 55 Chancery Lane, London. April 8th.
- 7,021. Improvements in concertinas. C. F. Glier, sen., 433 Strand, London. April 12th.
- 7,140. Improved tail-piece for violas or other musical stringed instruments. John Thorpe, 23 Vicarage Road, Croydon. April 13th.
- 7,169. Improvements in apparatus for turning over the leaves of music. John Henry Butcher, 53 Chancery Lane, London. April 13th.
- 7,273. Harpsichord pedal for pianofortes. Townsend Petrie, 3 New Road, Park Road, Crouch End, Hornsey, London. April 16th.
- 7,402. Improvement in pianofortes. John Warner Reed, 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, London. April 19th.
- 7,403. Improvement in reed organs. Melville Clark, 18 Buckingham Street, Strand, London. April 19th.
- 7,489. An improved game or apparatus for teaching the denominations of the notes and keys of pianos, or other musical instruments of the like kind. Edmund Edwards, 35 Southampton Buildings, London. April 20th.
- 7,499. Improvements in upright pianos. John Ulrich Fischer, 76 Chancery Lane, London. April 20th.
- 7,512. An improvement in pianoforte actions. Charles Gehrling, 45 Southampton Buildings, London. April 20th.
- 7,833. An electrical metronome, or time beater, or regulator, for musical and other purposes. James Walker and Joseph Hampshire, 19 Bond Street, Dewsbury. April 26th.

#### SPECIFICATIONS PUBLISHED.

6,835. Ker, engraving music, etc., 1891.	d.
2,680. Thompson, pianoforte, 1892.	10
3,548. M'Martin and others, music leaf turners, 1892.	10
10,867. Peynaud, musical instrument, 1891.	10

The above Specifications Published may be had of Messrs. Rayner & Co., patent agents, 37 Chancery Lane, London, W.C., at the prices quoted.

## Music in Glasgow.

THE principal musical event of importance is a fortnight's visit from the Carl Rosa Opera Company, opening on the 25th ult. in the Theatre Royal. The greatest draw was Mascagni's new opera, which was performed no less than four times, and drew crowded houses; the cast comprised Miss Alice Esty, Madame Josephine Yorke, and Messrs. Hedmont and Crotty. The abilities of the company are so well known to your readers that it is only necessary to chronicle the event, and to state that among the other operas produced were "The Prophet," "Aida," "Carmen" (with Mdlle. Lablache in place of Mdlle. Lussan, indisposed), and the "Bohemian Girl." Large audiences filled the house each evening. The Amateur Orchestra Society gave their second and final concert in the Queen's Rooms on the 22nd ult.; the programme was ambitious and novel—Schubert's "Rosamunde" music and, for the first time in Scotland, Liszt's "Angelus," which, considering the exacting nature of the composition, was very creditably played. The concert finished with a good rendering of Beethoven's Symphony, No. 2 in D. The Society is to be congratulated on the improvement noticeable each succeeding year; if its members keep together, their talented honorary conductor, Mr. T. W. Hoeck, will in a short time have under him an orchestra which will require to be judged by a higher standard than that of an amateur body.

The Glasgow Academy and Kelvinside Academy Boys' Choirs gave their usual private concerts, the programme of the former being most attractive, containing the cantata "King Arthur," by J. More Smieton. This piece of really good music was well performed, the tenor and bass parts being filled by the "old boys" of the academy. Mr. M'Laren, one of the masters, conducted; the accompaniments were ably played by Mrs. M'Laren. There was a large and fashionable audience.

Our premier society, the Choral Union, is making arrangements for next season, and among the novelties promised is Dvorák's "Requiem."

## Messrs. Pohlmann & Sons.

WITH many pianoforte manufacturers business at the present time is quiet, but it is worthy of note that, notwithstanding the depression of trade in the North arising from the coal strike, Messrs. Pohlmann & Sons, of Halifax, have been exceptionally busy. This old-established firm is well known for the excellence of their case work and the good quality of tone of the pianos manufactured by them. It is interesting to note that Johannes Pohlmann was the maker of the first pianoforte in England in the year 1768. The traditions of the firm have been well maintained, the principals of Pohlmann & Sons have always been practical pianoforte makers, and it is this personal element in their business which has conduced to their success. Many patents for the improvements of their pianos have been registered by the partners during the past century, and nine prize medals have been awarded them. The Pohlmann piano is as well known in the South and South-West of England as in the North, and in some towns of the South-West it appears that the piano trades are supplied almost exclusively by Messrs. Pohlmann & Sons, thus showing that the good tone and sound workmanship of this firm is appreciated.

Printed by Morrison & Gibb, Edinburgh.



business worthy session the coal, have and firm work manu-e that e first tradi-d, the s been personal ced to cements artners medals piano is West of wns of trades almann sound







J. M. B. 92 -

Wm Marshall-Hall.



Magazine of Music Supplement, June 1892.

# HIS FORTUNE.

Bolero Song.

Words by M. FOREMAN.

Music by HENRY KLEIN.

## PRELUDE

(C Major)

by

J. S. BACH.

## Easy pieces for little Fingers.

KEY A MAJOR.



London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.

ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



## HIS FORTUNE.

## BOLERO SONG.

WORDS BY  
M. FOREMAN.MUSIC BY  
HENRY KLEIN, Op. 40.

Tempo di Bolero.

VOICE.

PIANO.

What?

ne - ver had your for - tune told I do be - lieve you'll say you

do not like your fu - ture known, now what's the rea - son pray? That

you've no love for gips - y folk? If so, then just for fun I'll

*con spirito*

tell your for - tune, sir, for you and show you how it's done— I'll

on - ly charge a tri - fle for a cou - sin is a friend so

cross my hand with sil - ver be si - lent and at - tend.

*Larghetto.**dolce*

To

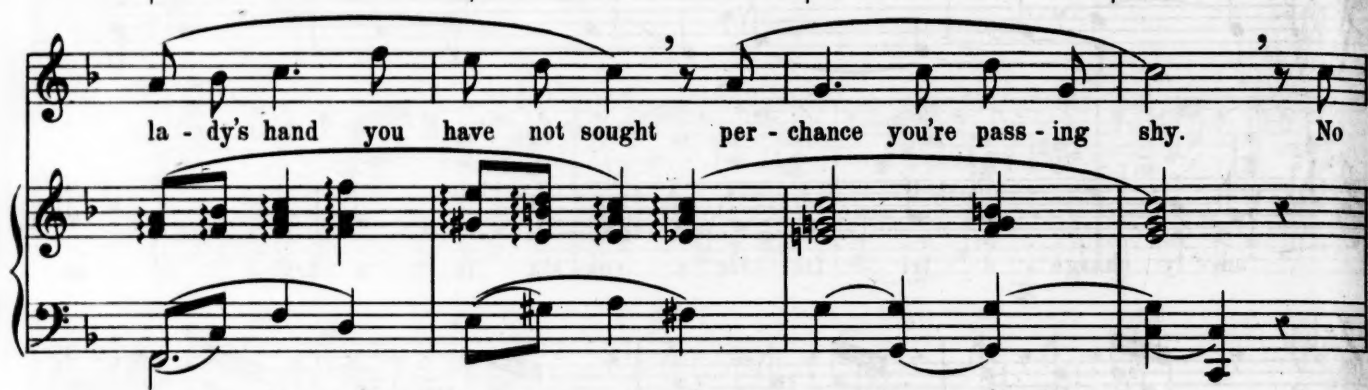
*dolce*



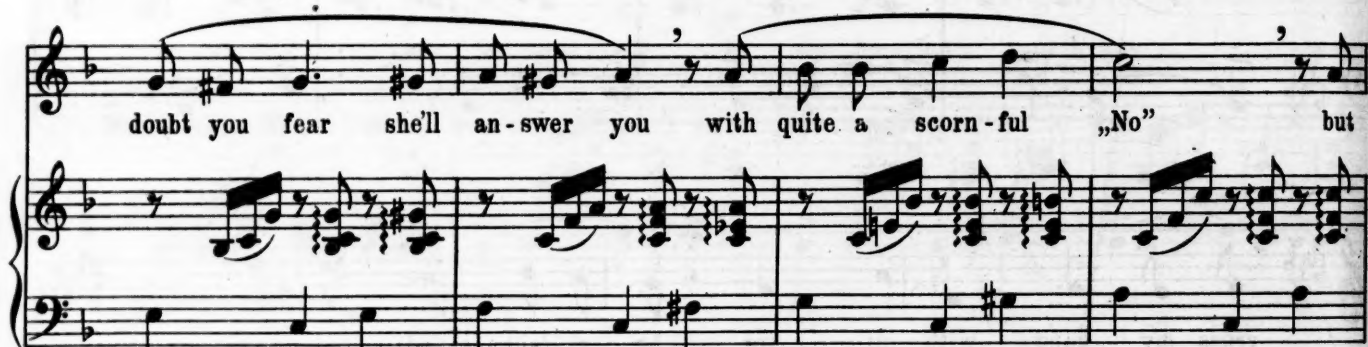
me it seems that you're in love you'll mar-ry bye and bye the



la - dy's hand you have not sought per - chance you're pass - ing shy. No

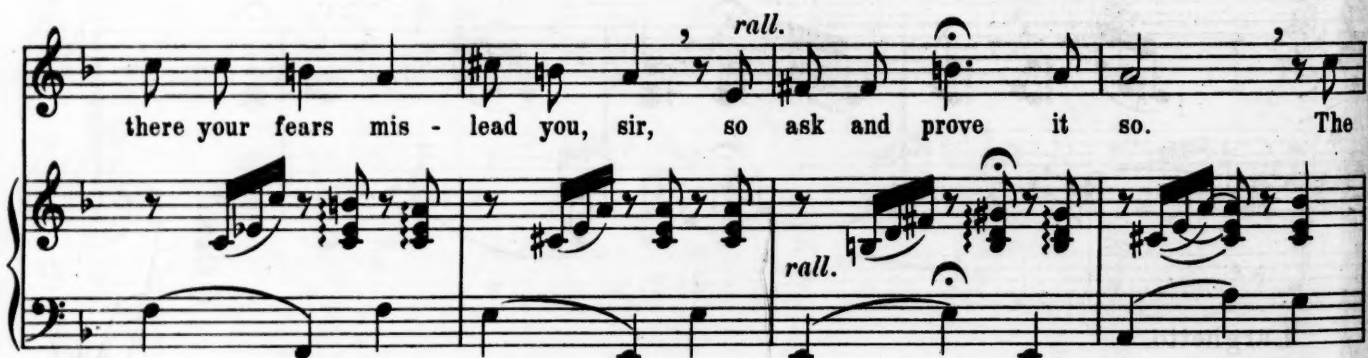


doubt you fear she'll an - swer you with quite a scorn - ful „No” but



there your fears mis - lead you, sir, so ask and prove it so. The

*rall.*



ace of hearts de - notes good luck so does the ma - gic nine but the



se - ven means faint - heart - ed faint - heart - ed cou - sin mine.

*tempo primo*

*tempo primo*

Nay trust me, sir, tho' poor you be her heart seeks not mere

gold she loves you well, in truth she does, so, now your for - tune's

told. His shy - ness fled like ma - gic he clasped the sy - bill's

hand she told his for - tune with her love the tru - est in the land.



# PRELUDE. C MAJOR.

[Andante. ♩ = 72.]

J. S. BACH.

Gt. All Foundation Stops of 16, 8 and 4 ft. with the other Claviers coupled, having similar tone. Pedal: 32, 16, 8.

MANUAL

PEDAL

Gt.

a)

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features three staves: a vocal line in treble clef and two piano accompaniment lines in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The music includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. There are also performance markings like 'L' (left hand), 'h' (humming), and 'RL' (right leg). The score is presented in a black and white format with a watermark 'www.musicalscore.com' visible across the middle.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves: the right hand on a treble clef and the left hand on a bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is divided into three measures. The first measure shows the voice entering with a half note, followed by the piano accompaniment. The second measure continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The third measure features a more complex piano accompaniment with triplets and a final vocal note. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like 'h' and 'L'.

This musical score is for a piece from 'The Merry Widow' (Act II). It is written for three staves: Treble, Bass, and a lower Treble staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The music features a variety of note values, including eighth and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. There are several dynamic markings, including 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano). The score includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The piece is in 4/4 time and is marked with a tempo of 'Moderato'. The score is for a piano and is in the key of B-flat major.

b)  c)  d)  e)  f) 



# EASY PIECES FOR LITTLE FINGERS.

## IV. KEY A MAJOR (three #s: F#, C#, G#).

**Prelude to Lohengrin.** Wagner. Common time, 4 crotchets in a bar. This piece is to be played in a very slow time and it must be very sustained, everything perfectly *legato* as with the exception of those in bar 11 there is not a *staccato* note in it. The melody must sing, but at the same time the accompanying notes must not be weak. The pupil must think of the violins that the piece was composed for, remembering that when it is played by a number of violins, every violin plays smoothly both in the melody and the accompaniment. It may interest any pupils who also play the violin, to know that the violins are all muted and also that it is really played an octave higher than we give it here. To learn how to play the exact time of the double-dotted notes that occur in this piece you should practise bars 1, 9, 12 and 13, separately and count 8 quavers, to the bar; practising the

bars thus. For instance bar 1 is written thus  But practise it thus, and so with bars 9, 12, 13. 

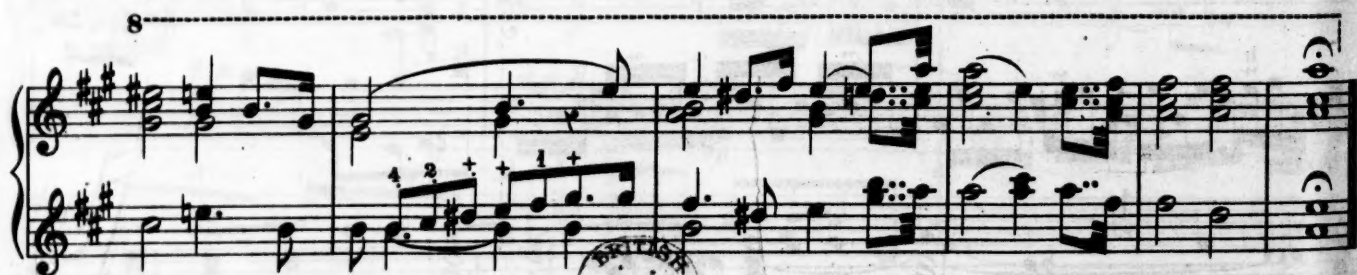
If you thus play demisemiquavers as if they were short grace notes, giving the large notes the accent, you will then be playing them in the proper time. Count 8 quavers to these bars and practise them at their right speed.

## IV. Lohengrin Prelude.

Extract.

KEY: A MAJOR. (3#)

Richard Wagner.



SCALE OF A MAJOR ON KEYBOARD.

